

EASTER
NUMBER

Life

PRICE 25 CENTS
Vol. 63, No. 1640, April 2, 1914
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"Nearly a Quarter-Century of Leadership"

The new Stevens-Duryea is now
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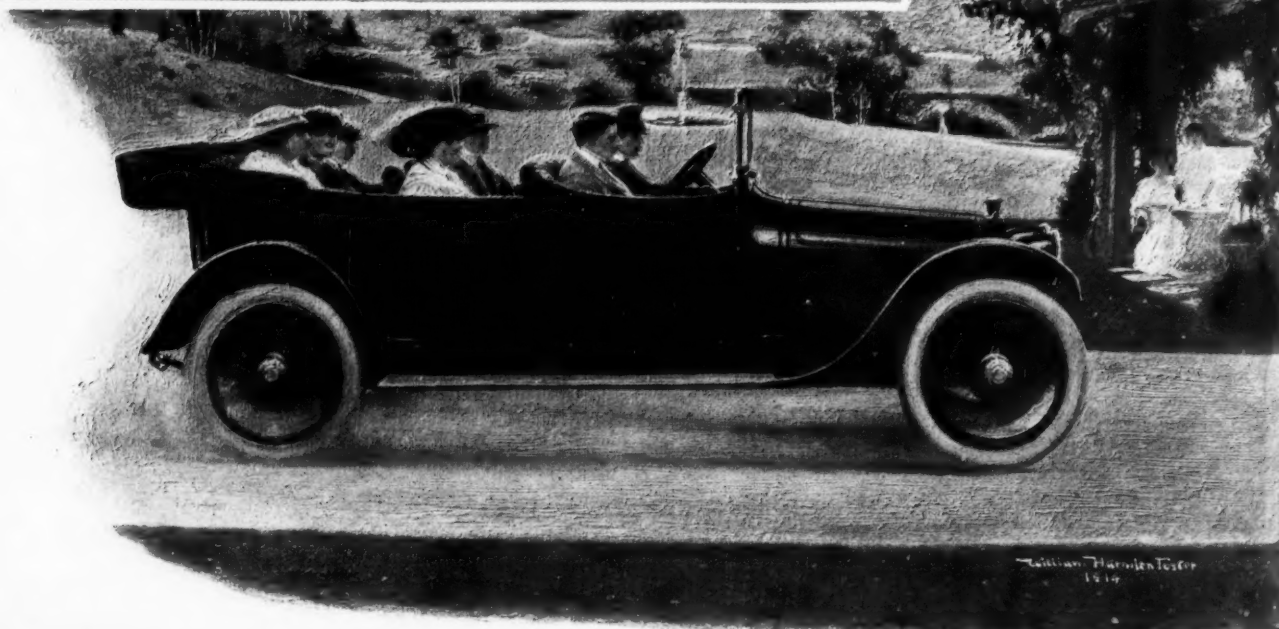
Mechanically it is a perfect unit—the electric
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No other car has all details so thoroughly
executed; no other car offers so many features
for convenience, ease and safety in operation; no
other car makes such provision for comfort; and
no other car expresses so completely the purpose
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Stevens- Duryea



Copr. Life Pub. Co.



"HOLD ON, THERE! YOU NEEDN'T TAKE LIFE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO!"

It's Really Laughable

Just a Word

About the great Humorous Number coming on April 14. We are going to depart from our usual rule and tell something about it. We realize that in issuing this number our reputation is at stake. Therefore we are sparing no pains to make it the most exquisitely humorous, the most laughable, the maddest, merriest, wittiest issue that has ever sprung from our Minerva-like presses. See your doctor about reading this number. Remember that joy may kill.



We are not responsible for the coupon opposite. Fill it in if you wish, but don't blame us for the consequences.



"Give me a three months' subscription to LIFE."
"Say, young feller, where do you think you are?"
"I'm in the advertising page of LIFE—isn't that right?"

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(Buy Fisk)

We Hold Our Trade

ONLY permanent customers can make permanent success. Only satisfaction can make permanent customers. On this belief we base our manufacturing and selling policies.

We do not aim to sell to the million car owners. We do aim to please continuously our constantly increasing part of that million to whom we sell whenever tires are needed. *We hold our trade.*

Year after year, for car after car, we sell to the same customers. Members of the same family, business associates and friends recommend our tires and service one to another.

WE OFFER tires of demonstrated quality, the courteous and far-reaching service of an unusually efficient organization, a sincere effort on our part to hold our customers through their satisfaction with Fisk Tires and our methods of doing business.

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Factory and Home Office: Chicopee Falls, Mass.

18,000 Dealers and Fisk Branches in Principal Cities



"Land of the Sky"



YOU will never know the real mountainous beauty of America until you visit

Asheville

in the "Land of the Sky" where social life is delightful and where outdoor life is ideal.

Here may be found the favorite pastimes of true sportsmen—fishing and hunting—while golf, tennis, au-

tomobiling, riding, driving, and mountain climbing may be indulged to the heart's content.

Any number of other delightful resorts in the "Land of the Sky," including Tryon, Hendersonville, Brevard, Saluda, Waynesville, Balsam, Hot Springs, Flat Rock and Lake Toxaway, in the "Beautiful Sapphire Country."

Tourist Tickets now on sale to Asheville, N. C., and other points in the "Land of the Sky."

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Premier Carrier of the South



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Five Series of Tours. Itineraries include best of Europe. Fully inclusive fares, leisurely travel, best leadership; exclusive features

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Tours de luxe leave Westbound September 29, October 20. Eastbound October 17, December 9, January 9.

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Cook's Traveler's Cheques Are Good All Over the World

Churches and Consciences

CHURCHES may be said to be check-rooms for consciences. In the old primitive days consciences, being meddlesome, opinionated and despot, were very inconvenient to have around. In order, therefore, that we might go comfortably about our daily tasks of trading horses and other commodities with our neighbors, it was necessary for us to find some suitable repository for our consciences. The churches were the result. We would accept a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian or a Methodist or a Catholic check for a conscience, and then go around once a week to see if it was all right.

As time passes and efficiency methods evolve, however, we are learning to get along better with our consciences and without the churches. We have brought our consciences under the yoke. We have taught them to be humble, meek and mild, to "judge not that ye be not judged", and not to be hypercritical and cry out at every little sinister thought and action. Under such training, our consciences have ceased to be austere and forbidding, but have become affable and companionable. They don't care what we do, or if they do care, they say nothing about it. That being the case, it follows naturally that the churches should be no longer well attended. We fear they must find a new use and adapt themselves thereto.

E. O. J.

Bunkered

THE links are very sad to-day,
And I—who golfed so neatly!—
Am hopeless since you went away,
I've lost my drive completely.

Since you withheld that little word,
I can do naught but blunder;
My brassie shots are quite absurd,
At slicing I'm a wonder.

The caddie looks at me and smiles,
As toward the green I amble;
My iron shots are off—by miles—
My putting is a scramble!

I set my teeth and strive again,
Up yonder hill to follow;
Alas! my ball prefers the glen,
And scampers toward the hollow.

The flag is down, the course is bare,
The game is dull and dreary;
I am not getting anywhere—
You've got me bunkered, dearie!

Robert C. McElravy.

Down in South Carolina they caught an old negro roost-robbler "with the goods on him", and the saying goes, and forthwith haled him into court to stand trial for chicken-stealing. When old Rastus was placed in the dock the judge said: "Now, Uncle Ras, I suppose you realize that you're in a court of law, and you quite realize what a court is?"

"Why, shore, boss," came back Rastus, "a co't? Why, a co't am shore a place where dey dispenses wif justice!"

—Argonaut.

After Easter Gaiety

means many full dress occasions when the man wants every detail of his apparel perfect.

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons

with cuff links to match are correct in style, perfect in workmanship and equally adapted for stiff or soft bosom shirts; plain or French cuffs.

They Go in Like a Needle Hold Like an Anchor

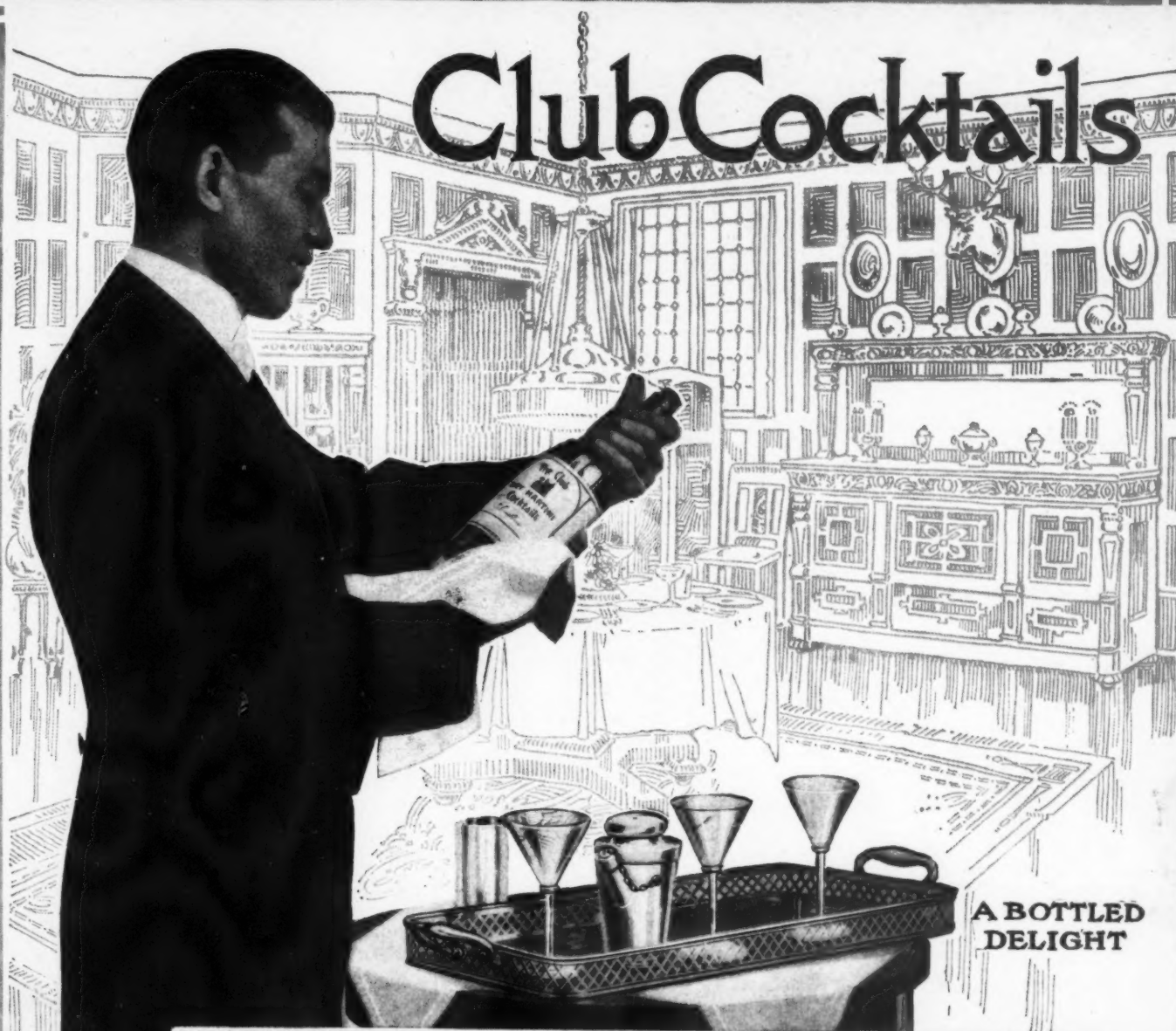
Easiest to work and never break. In designs to suit all tastes—from the most costly diamond mounted—to inexpensive.

At leading jewelers.
Booklet free on request.

KREMENTZ & CO.
60 Chestnut St. Newark, N. J.

Largest manufacturers of high grade jewelry in the world.

Club Cocktails



**A BOTTLED
DELIGHT**

A GOOD COCKTAIL should be aged. Just as a punch, or a cordial, or a blend of fine whiskeys.

But age is the ONE thing you CAN'T put into your own cocktails.

CLUB COCKTAILS are aged in wood.

They attain a mellowness, a fragrance, a delicious flavor in this way that is never found in a raw, hastily mixed

drink—no matter how good its ingredients, or how expert its maker.

CLUB COCKTAILS are accurately blended by experienced mixers. They are made of the finest and purest old liquors. And then they are aged.



Take a bottle home to-night. Your dealer has them—in all the popular varieties.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

HARTFORD, NEW YORK, LONDON

Importers of the famous A-1 Sauce

Maillard

EASTER

THE dainty and artistic creations of **MAILLARD** have an exclusiveness which makes them pre-eminently acceptable as **EASTER** gifts.

Embroidered Silk Eggs.
Handpainted Porcelain Egg
Cups.

Handpainted Satin Eggs.
Dresden China Eggs.
Baskets trimmed with sea-
sonable flowers.

Silk and Satin boxes, painted
and embroidered.
Novelties in Porcelain, Saxe,
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CHOCOLATES
BON-BONS :: ::
ICE CREAMS
FRENCH PASTRIES**

*Afternoon Tea in the
Luncheon Restaurant,
three to six*

FIFTH AVENUE
AT 35th STREET



NEW YORK



GOLF TERM
PLAYING TWO

Literary Notes

HOBBLETON HOBHOUSE, acknowledged by his publisher and himself to be the greatest short story writer in this country, gave a dinner to himself last evening. No one was present but Mr. Hobhouse, as no one is capable of such a high appreciation of his own exalted position as himself.

Miss Vaseline Von Virtue's new book entitled, "Sex, As I See It," came off the press yesterday afternoon at four o'clock. Eighty book reviewers were present and upon their pronouncing the book not quite as indecent as anything they had ever read before, the publisher hastily summoned his partners for counsel and it was decided to call in the police department. The book was thereupon suppressed, and the season's sales began. Miss Von Virtue, in speaking of it, said modestly, "I'm sorry I did not do worse. It certainly isn't because I don't know it all."

Mrs. Tillie Von Slusher, whose new problem book entitled "Husbands I Have Broke," will be published in Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Jersey City early next week, is only eighteen years of age, but she has been married seven and a half times. "I felt," said Mrs. Von Slusher, "that it would be extremely dishonest for me to write a book unless I knew my subject, so I have been gathering local color among my various husbands all these twenty or thirty months."

Mrs. Von Slusher, as she spoke, wore sky-blue-green carnations which she sniffed occasionally. (Seattle papers please copy.)

Billingsgate Bunkerton who writes his books to order, in a consultation with his publishers has just completed another "best seller," which it is anticipated will be the best one yet, eight hundred thousand copies being the first edition. Mr. Bunkerton eats soup with a soup spoon. He wears tweeds in the morning and never writes after four o'clock in the afternoon. He has his hair cut the first Tuesday in every month by appointment.

Miss Violet Mushandler, whose poems have been one of the features of the Belt Line Pegasus Syndicate, which circulates in all the afternoon dances all over the country, has just returned from abroad on the *Lunatic*. During the voyage over she read several of her poems, and a number of the passengers jumped overboard in order to cool off afterwards. The best English critic says that Miss Mushandler, for poetic fervor, for passionate, pulsating, rhythmic undertones, has no equal in the known world. Miss Mushandler carried her own dog.

CASCADE

PURE WHISKY

MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT



GEO. A. DICHEL & CO.



From Any Point of View— The World's Greatest Automobile Value

FROM the standpoint of *appearance*—the Overland has unusual grace and harmonious body proportions.

From the standpoint of *power*—the Overland is a big powerful smooth running 35 horsepower car; economical to operate; easy to drive.

From the standpoint of *comfort*—the Overland is luxuriously upholstered in genuine hand buffed leather, tufted over specially selected curled hair, made deep with tilted divan cushions; lots of leg room; ample for five passengers; no crowding.

From a *mechanical* standpoint—the Overland chassis is one of the finest and most finished pieces of mechanism in the world.

From the standpoint of *size*—the Overland has the longest wheelbase of any car at this price in the world; the largest motor, the roomiest tonneau, and the largest tires of any car at this price in the world.

And finally, and most important of all, from a *price* standpoint—the Overland costs 30% less than any other similar car on the market.

Now from *your* standpoint—can you afford and does it seem reasonable to pay more for other cars that offer you no more than you get in the Overland for \$950?

There is an Overland dealer near you. Look him up and see this car today.

Handsome 1914 catalogue on request.

\$950

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Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request

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With electric starter
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The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Canadian Prices: \$1250 Completely equipped
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Regal
A Smart Style for
Every Occasion



THE newest and most notable phase of fashion for Spring, 1914, is the *Plain-Toe Oxford* without a toe-cap or toe-box. The shoe described below combines *extreme style* with *complete comfort*.

"RITZ" Plain-Toe Street Oxford—\$5

Mahogany-colored, bark-tanned Russia—plain toe, tapering to a point—no tip or "toe-box"—soft to the foot as a glove to the hand—low "custom" heel—invisible eyelets—English cord laces—"quarter" lined with stain-free, slip-proof, fawn-colored Kangaroo. Also made in Imported Black Russia and Patent Leather.

Exclusive Custom Styles

\$4 and up

There are 100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Send for our authoritative Spring Style Book—it's free.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

264 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

An Evening In

SCENE—A town house rather elaborately but carelessly furnished. The library, on the second floor, is a large open room, with a fireplace, easy chairs and shelves of books. The time is 8:55 P. M.

The rear portières are pushed aside and a parlor maid enters. She carries in her hand a dog-eared book. She looks critically at the chairs, selects the easiest one, turns up the light, puts her feet up on the settee and prepares to read. There is the click of a key in the outside door downstairs. She starts up.

(Enter the head of the house.)

HEAD OF HOUSE (nodding to her indifferently): Anyone home?

PARLOR MAID (her book concealed, preparing to leave the room): No, sir.

H. OF H. (throwing a bundle of maga-

zines and papers over the table): I'll spend the night here.

P. M.: Very well, sir.

(The head of the house, a man of about sixty, takes a cigar from his case, selecting the best chair, arranges the light, cocks up his feet and prepares to read. There is a second click at the outside door. A young man about twenty-three enters.)

YOUNG MAN (throwing down a bundle of papers on the table): Hello, Governor; what are you doing here?

H. OF H.: I'm home for a quiet evening. How did you happen to light down?

Y. M.: I'm fagged out. Thought I would take an evening off.

H. OF H.: Well, don't disturb me. Sit over at the other end of the room, especially if you are going to smoke one of your rotten cigarettes.

(Young man arranges himself at the other end of the room, lights a cigarette, fixes the lamp, cocks up his feet and starts to read. A silence. Suddenly a third click is heard at the door. A young woman of about twenty-six runs up the stairs, confronting the two men.)

YOUNG WOMAN (raising her hands): Well!

Y. M. (his eyes glued to the sheet): Don't interrupt us, Sis. If you must come in, sit over there and keep quiet.

Y. W.: Hello, Dad. What does this mean?

H. OF H. (rather crossly, taking his son's tip): We're resting up a bit.

Y. W. (throwing a bundle of papers down on the table): That's strange. I thought I would come home and rest up, too, and to think I should find you two here! By the way, Jack, there is something I want to talk to you about.

Y. M. (fiercely): Cut it out.

(Y. W. accepts the situation, and, getting as far away from the others as



Have
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It?

The Modern Dance Magazine

Devoted to the New Spirit in Art and Life.

IT is the most beautiful of all magazines.

It is vital—refreshing—and an entertaining stimulus to your grey matter.

The necessary magazine for dancer and non-dancer—all who enjoy self-expression and the "joy of life."

The following articles are but a few of the compelling features in the April number:

1. How to Dance the Hesitation.
2. Le Tango Argentino.
3. Dance in Pictorial Art.
4. Music and Its Appreciation.
5. Development of New Dances.
6. New Spirit in the Drama.

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Subscription Price \$1.50 per year.

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JUST lo
delica
your fac
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86

Insures a
women on
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MULHEN

Per

possible, curls herself up in a chair, lights a cigarette, and starts to look over some papers. A silence. There is a fourth click at the door downstairs, hurried steps, and a woman of about fifty appears upon the scene.)

WOMAN OF FIFTY (holding up her hands): My stars!

Y. M.: Well, Mater, you here? (Across the table to his father) The jig's up.

(He rises and gathers up his papers.)

Y. M.: Good night, folks.

H. OF H. (gathering up his papers): Wait a minute; I'll go around to the corner with you.

W. OF F.: What do you mean? How does it happen that you are all home to-night? I have been so busy, and here I run in to get a few moments' rest and quiet from this frightful turmoil, and I find you all here. Where are you going? What are you going to do?

H. OF H. (with a rather self-contained smile): Nothing, my dear. I just dropped in here to wait for a trolley car.

Y. W. (who has already gathered up her papers): Which way are you going? (To the young man.)

Y. M.: I am going west.

Y. W.: Well, I am going east. See you later.

W. OF F.: Of all things! To think that I should come home at this time and find them here, just when I wanted to settle down and get a good night's rest for the first time in weeks.

Send a 2¢ Stamp



for a Sample Cake

JUST look through this pure transparent soap, smell its delicate perfume, and feel its rich, creamy lather on your face. You will never again be satisfied with any toilet soap less pure and perfect.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Insures a soft, clear, beautiful skin. Three generations of refined women on both sides of the Atlantic have proven its merits. Sold in every country where beauty is admired, or health desired. At your dry goods dealer or druggist.

For sample trial cake, send 2¢ stamp, or for 10 cents in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

No. 4711 Liquid White Rose Glycerine Soap. A new, convenient, delightful form of this refreshing soap—sanitary, economical, efficient. A luxurious shampoo.

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Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts., New York

Spring Models at Special Prices

Dressy Tailored Suits

FOR WOMEN AND MISSES



Women's, 32 to 44 bust;
Misses', 14 to 20 years.

No. 29. **Dressy Bolero model** of velour checks, in gray and black, tan and black, or black and white cube check, also plain navy, white or black serge, bolero coat with ripple peplum back and tie strings, coat lined with fancy crepe, double flare ripple tunic skirt.

Value \$49.50 **39.50**

No. 31. **Dressy Gaberdine Serge Suit** in navy, Paquin blue, green, mahogany or black, three-button cutaway coat with new shirred yoke effect in front and pointed postillion back, finished with tassel ornament and buttons, new plaited collar, cuffs and border of wide moire silk, silk lined, high girdle, ripple tunic skirt, trimmed with wide moire silk border and buttons.

Value \$39.50 **29.50**

FUR STORAGE

Dry Air Cold
Improved Method

Furs Remodeled
or Repaired

AT REASONABLE
PRICES

Telephone 6900 Greeley

(She pulls over the easiest chair, arranges the lamp, opens her papers and starts to settle herself. She stops for a moment, shakes her head dubiously, gathers up her papers and gets up.)

W. OF F.: It's no use. They completely upset me. The idea of their being here. It's perfectly outrageous. I might just as well finish this work over at the club. There is no atmosphere here to-night.

(She rushes off downstairs and slams the door. Silence. Ten minutes pass. The portière in the rear opens slowly. The parlor maid reappears. She glances over the chairs, selects the easiest one, sits down in it, takes out her book, cocks up her feet and starts to read.)

P. M. (looking up from her book at the clock on the mantelpiece): Half an evening wasted.

Imported Dress Cottons



Reg. Trade Mark

French Crepe, white and all colors, 40 in., at .55 yard.
Japanese Crepe, white and colors, 30 in., at .25 and .65 yard.
Silk and Cotton Crepe, white and colors, 40 in., at .95 yard.
Bulgarian Crepe, (Heavy), white and colors, 40 in., at \$1.00 yard.
French Eponge, white and colors, 44 in., at .85 and .95 yard; in Tartan Plaids, \$1.50 yard; in black and white effects, 45 in., at \$1.25 yard.
Ratine Suitings, in a variety of check and small plaid effects, 42 in., at .85 to \$1.50 yard.
French Crepes and Rice Cloths, in Buttonette and Nub effects, in white and colors, 42 in., at \$1.25 yard.
"Duveltyne", the newest fabric in white and a complete range of new Paris shades, 44 in., at \$1.50 and \$3.90 yard.
"Golfine", another new fabric, comes also in white and colors, 40 in., at \$2.25 yard.

Samples of any of the above lines mailed free on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.
 Fifth Avenue, 33d and 34th Streets, N. Y.



Be Well Dressed Always!

You will be glad to meet anyone if you wear McCallum Silk Hosiery. It is the hosiery to be proud of on any occasion—the sort that makes a man feel at his best always.

McCallum Silk Hosiery

Rich quality and the care used in the making of McCallum Silk Hosiery insure a hose well worth any trouble it might take to secure them. But there is no trouble—McCallum's are sold by dealers everywhere. In a moderate-priced stocking, No. 1201 offers the best value obtainable in a pure thread silk hose. If you want something particularly smart, ask to see No. 326, or No. 329, the popular two-tone effects in men's hose.

Your wife would be interested in our booklet, "Through My Lady's Ring," sent on request.

McCallum Hosiery Company

Northampton

Massachusetts

Query

The prophylactic, vetra-humanitarian measures of to-day make it possible for the weakest and unfittest to survive along with the strongest and best. Indeed, the tendency is to safeguard the interests of the former at the expense of the latter, a tendency which is bound ultimately to affect the race detrimentally.

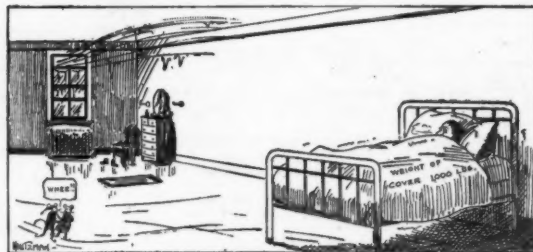
—London Hospital.

In this century didactic, superwise and prophylactic
 It is difficult, indeed, to keep one's mental equipoise.
 Minds grow daily more dyspeptic, medicated, antiseptic—
 Man not only boils his water, but his few remaining joys;
 What with maxims dietetic, moralistic and aesthetic,
 We are swiftly evolving to a coy eugenic bliss
 That prescribes, in place of harems, certain immunizing
 serums
 Till it's folly to be happy and sheer homicide to kiss!

That which seems most blandly charming science brands
 as bad and harmful,
 You must eat, if fond of dining, foods you cordially
 detest;
 For it's written that those dishes which are farthest from
 your wishes
 Are the dishes that, intensively, are for your system best.
 You must dodge undue excitement, anger, nervous strain,
 delightment—
 Aught that moves the heart a flicker you must carefully
 prevent.
 There is danger dire in doing, planning, striving or pur-
 suing
 And in cushioned cosy-corners where the light is softly
 blent.

There's a host of sly materia—science knows them as
 bacteria—
 In everything you touch and taste within you and without,
 And an army, germ-recruited, stoutly horsed and spurred
 and booted,
 Waiting, like Jim Riley's "Bogie"—"ef you don't watch
 out!"

Yea, your food's adulterated, doped, disguised and ben-
 zoated,
 And your system's full of pirates of a vicious toxic kind;
 There are swart, minute marauders lurking on your inner
 borders,
 And a swarm of kinks pre-natal sewing patches on your
 mind.
 It's a comfort most terrific, this new learning scientific,
 And a subject filled with wonder how folks lived in
 simpler days—
 But—my fancy here grows bleaker—since the strong are
 growing weaker
 And the weak not getting stronger—frankly—do you
 think it pays?
 Irving Dillon.



YOUR BEDROOM

AS IT SEEMS AT THE MOMENT YOU HAVE TO GET UP

At the Pie Counter

A Monologue.

OH my! Let me in there! I'll take that millionaire! Please!

No, not that old thing; that young one! I'll take him!

Yes, I'd like that yacht and all those things that go with it. Yes, yes! And that marble house! Oh, I must have that marble house! I'll take that.

(About Twenty Years Later.)

Is this article returnable?

Yes, I know it is the millionaire I took, but I'm tired of him!

Return those things that I got with him? Never! They're all *mine*. But he is not a fit. I don't like him any more. He isn't nice!

A large bite out of him? Oh, well, but he is still a good millionaire for some one. Some one else will be sure to want him, but I'd like that other one now, please. I have been a good customer. I can exchange them, can't I?

(Still Later.)

I want that young duke for my daughter.

Not the guaranteed kind? Oh, well; a duke is a duke.

That other one? Not on your life. The one I said! He's the pick of the lot for pedigree. Never mind his tricks. I guess I'm up to them. I guess I know what I want for my daughter.

(And Finally.)

I want the vote! vote! vote! I want my proper place in public life! You're mean to women! You cheat them at every turn. That duke I got of you was mean to my daughter, and I can't make her bring him back. I want the vote, I say! I will have the vote! You're mean to women—Mean, mean, to women, but I'll have what I want! I'll have it, I say! Give me my vote, give it to me!

Lane Bryant

25 West 38th Street NEW YORK

The nature of service we give our customers cannot be judged by orders placed elsewhere.

Our establishment is unique.
We show a large selection of

Dresses Coats Blouses
Skirts Negligees

ready for immediate wear. No charge for alterations. Models made and fitted for you without extra charge.

1231 (as illustrated) Crepe de
Chine Dress with Lace . . . 13.75

"Fashion Hints" Catalogue "K" mailed out of town free

Extra sizes for stout figures



New Thought Do you know the eight psychological principles which when applied will unlock the door to success in any line for which one has aptitude? Edward B. Warman, A.M., makes them plain in a booklet, which is given with three months' trial subscription to Nautilus magazine of New Thought, all for 10c.
THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., Dept. 758, Holyoke, Mass.

The horrible after-effects of shaving

Every man has felt them; many experience them every time they shave.

Don't have them—Hot, smarting skins, ingrowing hairs, unsightly face eruptions, belong back in the Dark Ages of shaving.

We have recently received hundreds of letters from men who now know the *real cause of their former shaving troubles*. For years they blamed their razors—now they have no cause for complaint—the creamy, instant beard-softening lather of Mennen's Shaving Cream solved their troubles.



Mennen's Shaving Cream

One man wrote us that he is using all his old safety blades over again; another that he gets four or five extra shaves out of every blade; a third, "It almost makes a dull razor sharp".

Mennen's lathers up with the brush almost instantly, requiring none of the mussy "rubbing in"

with the fingers, which causes friction and makes the skin tender.

Most important of all, it contains no free caustic or other irritant, which is the chief cause of the disagreeable after-effects of shaving.

Put up in air-tight tubes with handy, large, hexagon screw tops. At all dealers—25c.

Send 10c for a Demonstrator tube containing fifty shaves. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powders, and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.

Waves

WAVES are used on the ocean and in hair. They come in crests, breakers and curling-irons. They are also put up in ether when they cannot be seen, and you have to take the dealer's word that you are getting your money's worth.

Warm waves are common to both summer and winter; in summer they come just when, owing to the delightful weather and a careful perusal of the "Old Farmers' Almanac", you have made all your arrangements to stay home; in winter, when you have filled your furnace with two or three tons of coal and turned on all the draughts, until you have a bed of coals that would take a blue ribbon in Hades, and nobody can put it out but the fire department.

Waves are also seen in Wall Street. Little lambs can be seen occasionally sitting upon their crests until another wave comes along and knocks them over.

Perfect Wines at a Fair Price



SOLD BY PRINCIPAL DISTRIBUTORS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES

E. LA MONTAGNE'S SONS
NEW ORLEANS NEW YORK CHICAGO



On The Avenue

BRIGHT is the day, dear, the sun has a cheery look;
 Never a dreary and never a bleary look;
 Winy the air is, and now that you have a new
 Frock, let us go for a walk on the Avenue!

Ne'er was a scene such as this is to gather belles!
 Hat plumes a-nodding and waving like heather-bells!
 Satins and silks with their sheen and their shimmering;
 Laces a-rippling and jewels a-glimmering!

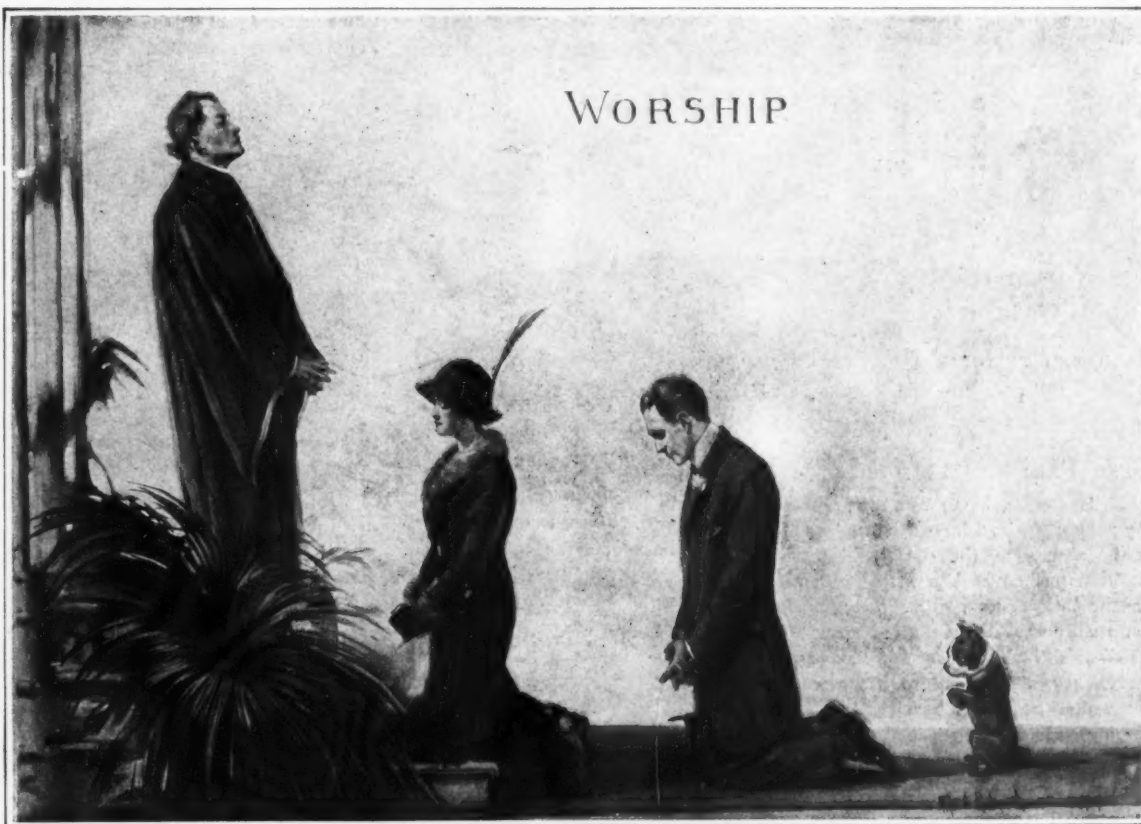
Laughter up-soaring like song that is lyrical
 Over the chatter and gossip satirical;

Never a trace on the face of a care I see,
 Meeting and mingling, the Scribe and the Pharisee!

Here is the surging of jest and of jollity;
 Here is the merging of froth and frivolity;
 Yet there's a lure in it, yet there's a charm in it;
 Just for an hour, then, and what is the harm in it!

Just for an hour that is merry with mummery!
 Just for an hour full of fashion and flummery!
 Just for an hour, my dear, now that you have a new
 Frock, how delightful a walk on the Avenue!

Clinton Scollard.





"YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING THAT I AM AWFULLY FOND OF YOUR WIFE, DO YOU?"
 "DEAR ME, NO! I USED TO FEEL THAT WAY MYSELF."

The Passing of the Flunkey

SINCE the coachman and his assistants of the past have been replaced by the chauffeur, the old flunkeyism has been pushed back a little further into the dark. Along with the recognition that every occupation is an art, has come the added respect we accord to efficiency, no matter how expressed. The waiter no longer receives his tip cringing. He recognizes it as a proper compensation for services which are underpaid by his employer just because he is expected to receive a part of his

just wages from the public. Genuflections are becoming passé.

Along with the systematization of mankind has come the casting off of everything superfluous. It having become recognized that flunkeyism had no commercial value, and that a man would make just as much, if not more, by keeping his self-respect, flunkeyism was, therefore, abandoned. Even when we are robbed, we are robbed by those who consider themselves not our equals, but often our superiors. They may be right.

Gift Verses

With an Ardesia.

THIS is a Little Cheerful Tree.
 (The name is not in botany.)
 All winter long, in bright attire,
 You'll find it standing, quaint and bold,
 It sparkles like your open fire.
 But when the spring is at the trees,
 And winter things no longer please,
 Then, slowly, careful not to shock,
 It drops the little scarlet frock.
 And when your hearth is wholly cold,
 Divested of its brilliant rig,
 But still a little cheerful twig.

With a Sweet Olive.

YOU'LL scarce observe this little tree,
 It's grey and small and dim (like me);
 You like them of a showy turn—
 Azalea, or the Boston fern.
 You'll water it—for you are kind—
 And straightway put it out of mind.
 But when your book or work you bring
 And settle near the humble thing,
 You'll lift your head and smile and say,
 "How sweet the room does seem to-day!"
 What makes it so you'll never guess—
 You'll only feel the pleasantness.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

"THE Frosts expect their boy will
 be a priest first and then a
 bishop."

"Do you think he will?"

"Nope. That boy will never confirm
 anything but the neighbors' worst
 fears."



A SPRING OPENING



BEETHOVEN

Spring Fashions for Men



Some of the most striking of the new evening coats are trimmed with white fox

The new cutaway

The new frock-coats are cut long

Fur is to be used freely as trimming



Overcoats, with the sleeves cut kimono fashion



The new draped one-button cutaway



Lounging suit



Exquisite little morning derby



Chic little toque with jackass-ears of black velvet



Dress hat from Knix and Cie

An Easter Flirtation

EARTH was asleep in the wood. It was very quiet, yet there was a dim stirring in the air, moving leaves, maybe, or the slim stems of grass bursting from the sod in delightful impressionistic greens.

A baby brook burred somewhere in the far-away and birds cooed politely, without quite twittering, for it was yet early, and they did not wish to waken the Earth until they had their cue.

They waited for the sun to lift its glittering baton until all the dew-drops, lit up like tiny incandescents on bush and tangled vine. A frog fell from the top of a flat stone with a sudden splash, and a robin gurgled in laughter to its mate. Still the Earth slept on.

Then the sun touched the trees; the bird band began, very low at first, an overture in which you could hear the dawn break. Down Center of the wood came Springtime.

Each year she studies her entrance with new light effects and floral novelties. This year, for instance, the birds showed a decided tendency toward the new school of music.

Springtime, nothing if not dramatic, stepped softly. Her arms were full of pussy-willows and blossomed apple branches. Her thin, white gown was pocketed daringly to her knees, overflowing with daisies, lilacs, pansies and green vines that fluttered off on either side as she stepped over the moss, smiling happily and yet a bit mischievously, as she recognized Earth engaged in the last moments of his Winter dream.

Carefully selecting an especially furry pussy willow she began to tickle the sleeper caressingly in sensitive portions of the neck and the vicinity of the nose. He stirred slightly and spoke in his sleep, repellently.

Then she began a laughing Her-ricky lilt with a "tra la" at the end of every line. She sang this

in a hushed whisper close to Earth's ear.

By this time he was secretly regarding her, disapprovingly, from the corner of one eye, breathing deeply meanwhile to convey the impression of heavy slumber.

Possibly she guessed it, for with a sudden bird call to the tree branches overhead there was a scurry of leaves and wings that sent the dewdrops down in a torrent. The entire orchestra broke into a tumult. They fairly thundered.

Spring raising the apple blossoms above her head flung the drenched boughs smartly at Earth, rousing him suddenly from his apparent daze. He uttered a most unpicturesque sniffling sneeze.

He sat up, picking the twigs out of his hair. Springtime laughed in his face. "Oh, it's you again, is it?" he asked. He yawned accentedly and looked up in an annoyed way at the birds as though he suspected them of the recent assault.

Spring flushed somewhat and carefully pinned some pansies behind her ear in a way that showed her arms to the best advantage.

"Huh—huh!" she said; "aren't you glad?" There was a certain childlike appeal in her tone that won him to gentleness. He decided to be kind, but firm.

"Well—the fact is, I thought when we parted last year, there about the middle of May, we had fully decided that this—this affair must end?"

She fluttered her eyelashes and leaned over to brush a straying caterpillar from his forehead. Then she laughed in an amused way, looking directly in his eyes for a moment.

"But we always say that, Earth! We've been swearing to part forever each Maytime, and it's always the same beautiful old lie. Now isn't it?"

"It's not my fault," he grumbled. "Why do you come?"

"Because I know you are here waiting."

"Sleeping comfortably."

"Dreaming?"

"Oh tush!"

"Of me?"

"What a foolish little thing you are, Springtime. You will never grow old?"

Absent-mindedly he picked up one of the fuzzy willows and began to trace a pattern down her arm, following a shadow from the trees. He was visibly weakening, as a trained nurse would say.

Suddenly she drew her knees into the circle of her arms and from her skirtful of flowers drew out a little nosegay.

"Here's a surprise for you, Earth," she began; "you know I always bring you the latest news? Here are some double forget-me-nots, white California violets, giant mignonette and a new thornless moss-rosebud!"

He smiled for the first time. "You gathered them—" he questioned eagerly.

"I got them."

"In this wood?"

"No—in a box."

He frowned terribly. "Will that man Burbank leave us nothing to be imagined?" he sighed; then added, seeing her tearfully threatening, "If they would only leave things as they are, so far as I am concerned. If you don't mind, I'd rather have one of those big golden pansies."

She took one from her hair and presented it to him with an elaborate and slightly mocking curtsy. Their finger-tips touched and he caught her hand clumsily in his. He regarded it steadfastly. She didn't speak. She conveyed an impression of offended silence.

He was falling into the old net again just as he had for centuries. And he knew it. It was useless to fight against it.

"Do you know, Springtime," he be-



EXPIRING WINTER
THE MORTAL WOUND

gan in a more human, conciliatory tone than he had thus far used, "there must be a fate in this way we meet, that is, the way you come, every year to this very spot——?"

"And you are always here!"

"And we go off together on that beautiful journey together——"

"Not forgetting our chaperon, Mother Nature."

"Sometimes, I think she's just a plain match-maker?"

"After all we never bore each other, do we, dear Earth?"

He looked into her eyes. "Do you remember," he asked, "that little song we have sung so often; the one with 'tra la' at the end of every line? It's about you. Oh, it's good to see you again, Springtime."

He moved considerably nearer.

"The Winters are so long," she pleaded, "and so dreary that when I see the arbutus and the anemone—those old signals that we have never grown tired of—I simply HAVE to seek you out and wake you up."

He DELIBERATELY kissed her.

They listened quite still for a while to the birds cooing. "Strange, isn't it," it mused, "that every year, when you are here, the song seems sweeter, the flowers more fragrant, the stars softer——?"

"Yes——" she murmured happily, her eyes dancing into his.

"And you—lovelier!"

She nestled against his shoulder and his arm went about her, beginning the whole thing all over again for the one thousand nine hundred and fourteenth time.

Kate Masterson.



IF WE ALL PREFERRED THE SAME PREACHER

Exhaustively Exculatory

THE complete formal statement of J. P. Morgan & Co., showing that firm's connection with the New Haven Railroad, leaves nothing to be desired, or, to use the well-chosen language of the New York Sun, "rarely has irresponsible scandal been destroyed by facts so solid, presented in form so dignified".

It appears that, all in a spirit of self-sacrifice, the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. spent a vast amount of time organizing and reorganizing and directing and fiscal-agenting the New Haven Road merely for the sake of a niggardly commission. As for taking any real pecuniary advantage of such intimate connections or recognizing a New Haven security in a social way on Fifth Avenue after church, why the very idea is preposterous.

Let us, then, rejoice and revert to the pristine notion that fiscal agents, far from being capable of wrongdoing, are really the very soul of self-denial and altruism. All this will be especially comforting to those widows and orphans, stockholders, who may yet be shown a financial statement to prove they received the dividends that were not sent. "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" the heathen Chinese is a poor second to the financial statement.



"WHO DETERMINES THE DATE OF EASTER, MOTHER?"
"PARIS, NATURALLY."

A New Way

THE gift recently made by Andrew Carnegie of two million dollars, which is to be expended through the churches in order to further the Carnegie propaganda for universal peace, is almost a stroke of genius. Mr. Carnegie's idea is to get the churches interested in the peace movement, to get the clergymen talking about it, etc. When we go back in the history of the world and count up the number of wars which have been instigated by religious controversies, when we consider the battles that have been the result of these controversies and the countless number of human lives sacrificed, could anything be more wise than to get the churches interested in peace by means of money? Mr. Carnegie is a canny citizen.

FIRST JEW: Dwenty years ago Goldstein sold shoe-strings on the corner und to-day he owns the corner on which he stood!

SECOND JEW (excitedly): Und if he had valked up und down he might have owned the whole block.



AT ALL SHOWERS

Keeping Them Down

"LOOK here, Fred, I think I know you well enough to ask you how much I ought to tip that butler of yours!"

"Surely, old chap; he hasn't been very nice to you, has he?"

"Just barely noticed me."

"Then I should treat him accordingly. I wouldn't give him more than fifty dollars."

"Another Nature Fake"

IT might be nature faking, but as I travel on,
I'd like the kindly vision, to see the geese as swan;
It seems not one whit wiser, and really what's the use?
To go about insisting that some swan is a goose.

THE modern key to success seems to be the one that
opens the other fellow's cash drawer.

Aïda, the Négurladi

Italian Opera by Giuseppe Verdi (Joe)

AÏDA, a coloratura soprano. She colors her hair.

AMNERVUS, an innuendo contralto.

RADIUMS, an inflammatore tenore.

ADAMSCARECROW, an imbroglio baritono.

RAMPAGIST, a lumbago basso.

THE GINK OF EGYPT, second bass and short stop.

ACT I.

SCENE—Palace in Memphis, XEC, tastefully decanted with florodora. Radiums and Rampagist discovered feeding a tame peccadillo.

RAMPAGIST (*pensively sipping a colonnade*): Spermacetti banditti radii. Dago guinni wop.

RADIUMS (*singing to the accompaniment of a bandoline*):

Celeste Aïda sapolio,

Seraglio, intaglio,

Braggadocio lave pimento,

Archipelago Vista memento.

(*His voice dies away. In other words, it is dire.*)

AMNERVUS (*entering from the staccato, or staircase*): Dolce far niente, anno domini improvisatore. (*Aïda comes out of a parabola by the riverside, becomingly dressed in a candleabra.*)

AÏDA (*with spiritus frumenti*): Gutta percha banana diploma. Duodecimo saliva. (*The Gink of Egypt enters with an escort of Alkali, Alibi and Googlii, armed with javelins and lambrequins.*)

THE GINK (*who has an August presence—four months ahead of Christmas presents*): Eni meni moni mi barcelona.

RADIUMS (*throwing his whole sole into it, or rather, putting his foot in it*): Luna parco coni ilo farrockawa. Crema perfecto?

RAMPAGIST (*with flat irony*): Damfino.

ACT II.

Scene 1—Amnervus's tiring room. Her slaves are making her tired.

AMNERVUS (*forte—she does not look it*): Allegro da capo rio janeiro. Rialto portfolio. (*Aïda enters. She has changed her costume for a simple suit of eczema.*)

AÏDA: Bella donna camera obscura. Omaha nebraska. (*She stubs her toe and falls into a reverie.*)

Scene 2—The City of Theves. Triumphal procession escorting The Gink, who bestrides a richly caparisoned gorgonzola. He presents Radiums with a crown, which is five shillings in English money.)

RADIUMS (*disinfectedly*): Muchoblajo. (*Enter prisoners, including Adamscarecrow, who has been frightfully bitten by vermicelli.*)

AÏDA (*recognizing her father by his portico*): Dilettanti conversazione adagio. Nux vomica assafoetida.

ADAMSCARECROW (*cussorily*): Se non e vero e ben tomato.

RADIUMS (*to The Gink*): Generalissimo virtuoso punctilio. Buffalo bilio.

THE GINK (*tencentiously*): Olri.

ACT III.

Scene—The Temple of Isis, where the college isis come from. Rampagist and Amnervus are seen drinking camel's milk, fresh from the dromedairy.

RAMPAGIST (*conspiring freely*): Manifesto mulatto stiletto. Tarantula cantata.

AMNERVUS (*with antimony*): Sirocco ravioli libretto. Infusoria. (*They exeunt by the portmanto. Aïda enters, a veil covering her features.*)

AÏDA (*sotto voce. The significance of this phrase is perfectly plain. It means "sort of vociferously"*): Spaghetti tutti frutti creatore sousa. (*Radiums comes out of a bungalow near at hand.*)

RADIUMS (*carusingly*): Pro bono publico, barharba campobello.

AÏDA (*con amore, with the accent on the "con"*): Ali baba harmonica hydrophobia sciatica cupola.

ADAMSCARECROW (*who has been hiding in the plumbago trees*): Cantatrice macaroni insomnia. (*Amnervus sounds a toxin. The guards rush in and succumb them, The Gink meanwhile playing a paeon on the pianola.*)

ACT IV.

Scene—Judgment Hall above, colcella beneath. Amnervus is seen presenting Radiums with bunco.

AMNERVUS: Regalia insignia diphtheris havana cuticura (*She turns away with an air of peruna.*)

RADIUMS (*doggedly. This shows that he is sirius*): Susquehanna albino volcano. Castoria!

AMNERVUS (*zeroically*): Aïda no gooda. Shenigga.

RADIUMS (*with firmament*): Aïda bestevya. Nunbetta.

AMNERVUS (*in a tone calculated to film with horra*): Virago bravado scrofula pensecola. (*Her munions carry him off to the colcella, where he seats himself on an equivalent.*)

RADIUMS (*with disparity*): Benvenuto cellini pompeii, magenta piazza. (*Aïda enters, having been so long in the anthracite that she is a damcite.*)

AÏDA: Ullo mababi.

RADIUMS (*overcame with joy*): Ambrosia viola vanilla. (*Opening his arms.*) Uneeda! (*Correcting himself.*) Aïda! Olio folio ditto. Topheavi rabbi. (*She removes her embargo. Feeling chili, they kneel beside an emolument and kindle a fire with kerosene. Woof!*)

THE LIMIT.

Quincy Kilby.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE EASTER HAT



THE BATTLE OF GREAT HORSESHOE BEND

Apt Centenaries

ONE hundred years ago, on March 27, 1814, was fought the decisive battle of Great Horseshoe Bend. The belligerent participants were a sizable body of State militiamen under General Andrew Jackson, and a goodly smattering of Creek Indians, under the ridiculous misapprehension that they had a right to remain alive. History gives us no clear reason for the encounter, but a diligent private research has furnished a substantial clue.

It seems that Great Horseshoe Bend and vicinity had been inhabited by Creek Indians ever since the days when it wasn't considered unsportsmanlike to kill more than one dinosaur during an open season, and there were no laws protecting saber-toothed tigers and great cave bears. The Indians had grown so used to the country that they were beginning to believe that they owned some of it, when white settlers came along and asked to be shown their lease. The Indian graveyard was plowed up to make a baseball diamond; their stake, to which they used to bind their victims, was carried off by a local barber, and an amusement company built a high fence about their principal

village and charged fifty cents admission to go inside and hear them swear.

Chief Young-Man-Sore-on-Existing-Conditions-and-Desirous-of-Having-Them-Changed presided over a mass-meeting of braves in the lot back of the new trotting park, and the following morning found the arrow factory and tomahawk works taking on extra hands.

Reports conflict as to how the battle actually started, and it is not authentically known whether the Indians attacked the white settlers when they were coming out of the meeting-house or at the commencement of "Old Home Week", when they were all down at the station waiting for the Governor, who was expected on the 9:27 A. M. train. However, it is pretty thoroughly believed that had not Company H, Seventeenth Regiment, N. G. T., been resting on their arms in the roundhouse waiting to escort the State's chief executive to the new City Hall, local general practitioners would have had even more business in probing for flint arrowheads and transplanting scalps.

The picture shows the militiamen turning the Indians'

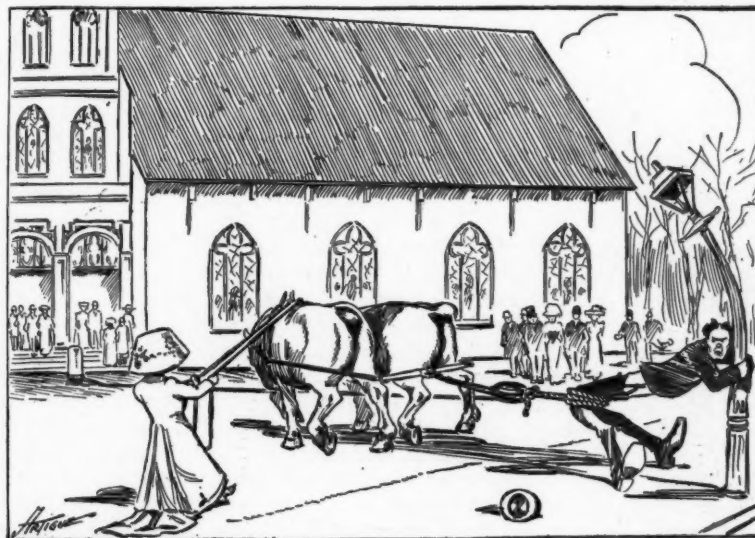


Referee: I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING, CHIMMIE; THE NEXT TIME YOU FOUL YOU LOSE

right flank just before they deployed, taking open formation and throwing themselves into a hollow square in anticipation of a counter attack on the enemy's left wing, which had been ordered to countermarch on its vanguard preparatory to reinforcing the reserves. General Jackson may be seen mounted on his roan charger, urging forward his brave troops, and persons who complain that he doesn't look like his pictures which were printed on the old two-cent stamps, are reminded that he is shown at a period prior to the time people commenced to name boulevards and elevator boys after him, and before his Mexican policies began to be criticized and folks objected to his attitude toward Panama Canal tolls.

The militiamen won.

Harry Grant Dart.



GO-TO-CHURCH MOVEMENT

BOTANY IN THE BOWERY

"WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE
FLOWERS, LITTLE GIRL? OFF A
TREE?"

"NO, SIR."

"OFF A BUSH?"

"NO, SIR."

"WHERE?"

"OFF A LADY."





EASTER
SUPPOSE YOUR PASTOR FOLLOWED YOUR
EXAMPLE?

The Return

MALTBY staggered home in the light of the early afternoon. He was feverish and extremely unvirile. He managed to crawl into bed. Later his wife found him there, the blankets heaped up.

Said Mrs. Maltby:

"What's the matter?"

"I'm sick."

Mrs. Maltby adjusted her hair by the looking-glass. She was going to a Thé Dansant.

"Don't get up," she said, absently,

"and don't ask me to kiss you. I wouldn't catch it for anything. If you want anything, ring."

There was a rule in the Maltby house that when anyone was ill, it should be ignored. They were not Christian Scientists. They simply believed that it was unwise to encourage illness. Maltby accepted the situation manfully. When his wife had gone, however, he managed to extract from the nethermost regions of a drawer a clinical thermometer. His temperature was one hundred and three. He telephoned for the doctor.

He heard his daughters talking about him outside of his room.

"Isn't it horrid!"

"We can't have him around here."

"Yes, the dance is at four. They won't begin to come until five—they never do."

"Did you telephone for the music?"

"Certainly."

Maltby managed to reach out of bed and open the door.

"Lizzie! Mildred! There will be no dance here to-day."

"Why not, father?"

"I'm sick."

"Mother said we could have it; that you wouldn't mind. We don't need your room."

An hour later the doctor came.

"Um! Too early to say what is the matter. You must have absolute quiet. May be some days—While that temperature is up, a light diet. Get this prescription filled."

"But there's nobody to fill it—besides—"

"Nobody?"

"No. Wife at a Thé Dansant. Girls giving a dance here. No one to wait on me. Everybody busy. Leave me to my fate. Don't care whether I live or die, anyway."

"Um! Better come to the hospital. I'll send an ambulance with a nurse. Fifty dollars a week, and absolute comfort. Be here in an hour."

Maltby went out as the musicians came in. He snatched a few greens from the Thé Dansant decorations to make his room at the hospital look homelike. The nurse was under thirty, and tucked him into the ambulance as if he were a motherless child—which he was. At the end of three days, when

Maltby's fever had left and he was taking orange juice and chops and being read to aloud, he said to the trained nurse:

"Do you know, Estelle, no one around home has any use for a sick man these days? They can't even notice him. A well man isn't attracting too much attention, but a sick man—bah!"

"Never mind, dearie," said the trained nurse, patting his pillow; "forget it."

It was a week later that Maltby appeared, about noon, in his own house. He opened one door, and found the two girls in bed. He opened another, and found his wife in bed. She said:

"What did you have?"

"Grippe."

"Well, you didn't get away soon enough. We've got it."

"So?"

Then Maltby went to the downstairs 'phone and telephoned for a palm man, a macaroon and ice cream man, a wax man, a regular band, and fourteen friends, including Estelle.

"Drums?" said the band man over the 'phone.

"All you've got. Also timbrels and cymbals," and he added, smilingly, to himself:

"After all, he dances best who dances last!"

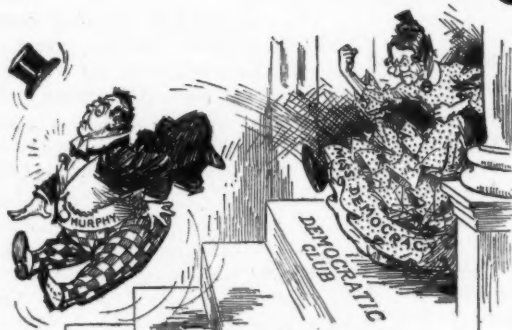


THE CHORUS GIRL
ON THE STREET, AND ON THE STAGE



THE MANLY ART IN FRANCE

March



HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!



GRANDFATHER'S PRIDE.



PASTOR IS SURE HIS PET DOG IS IN HEAVEN.



JOHN BULL HAS A BECOMING NEW SUIT.



A NEW JERSEY MAN IS AWAKENED BY HIS PHONOGRAPH.



CHICAGO POLICE PRACTICE PISTOL SHOOTING.

R.T. RICHARDS.



APRIL 2, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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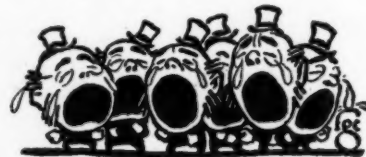
THIS issue of LIFE goes to press just as a number of things are about to happen. The lid is advertised to blow off at any moment in Ulster, and Sir Edward Carson is champing the bit in Belfast waiting for the war to begin; the editor of *Paris Figaro* has been shot by the wife of the Minister of Finance, and Paris has been much excited and had riots at the funeral, and looks for new policies about the income tax; the new canal tolls repeal debate is expected to begin right away at Washington, and after that is out of the way something different may be doing in Mexico; here in New York the Socialists, meeting to demand that New York State should create a fund for "insurance against unemployment", were mobbed by the I. W. W.'s, who insisted on a share in the talk and insisted doubtless on the right to unemployment unimpaired by insurance.

If so many people's nerves continue to be so ragged and contentious, it must be that suddenly, somewhere, somebody will get spanked, and once corporeal correction begins, who shall say when it will end! So many urgent spirits, it would seem, would be eased just now by the smart of a timely external application!

As for Ulster, it is very hard to believe the Orangemen will really fight. Still, they have a severe, hereditary obsession, which has no practical relation to current events or anything that is real, and it is conceivable, of course, that they may have to work it off.

The Protestant bigotry of the de-

scendants of Cromwell's North-Ireland Presbyterians is an ailment more acute and peculiar than any disease of the kind that affects Protestants anywhere else on the earth. No normal person considers that Ulster has anything serious to fear from Irish home rule. We have had it here in New York, and most of the time for generations have been governed in our local concerns by Roman Catholic Irishmen. It is true they have not given us very good government. They are fairly expensive rulers, but New York has got along with them without more hardships than most other cities have endured. We have now an Irish-Catholic Mayor, and an Irish-Catholic Governor, yet citizens who still have beds, Protestants and Jews alike, sleep in them untroubled, and go about in their waking hours undisturbed by the fear of the Pope, and as safely as can be expected when there is building going on and so many motor cars in the streets.



OH, Ulster; do be easy! Civilization was not born to be wrecked by Irish Catholics. They are not dangerous people as people go. They have their qualities and the defects of them, like the rest of us, and some of the qualities are very admirable, and some of the defects are mighty curious. But they do not love money enough and they are not coherent enough to be dangerous. They are kinder and more

generous and agreeable, and can jump higher and have far more talent in discourse, oral or written, than the average of the people either in Great Britain or the United States. As for their being Roman Catholics, surely that is no peril to you. If they can stand it, you ought to. Has your Calvinism no defects? When the great blend of the Christian sects comes, and the perfection of the faith, it is possible that more will be borrowed from the Pope's religion than from yours, dear Hardhead!

Ulster would have complete control of its local government in any case, and the great pinch is in local government. Mr. Asquith proposed that every county in Ireland should vote on home rule, and those that rejected it should stay out for six years, until the new apparatus had got to work and shown its capacity. Since the Ulster separatists rejected that proposition, their case has gone with more of a limp than ever, for it seemed a fair offer. There are several sore places in Europe. Finland is one, Alsace is another, some more have been making lately in the neighborhood of Bulgaria. And now Ulster?

Let us hope not! But Ulster was founded on hatreds, and not even the dead rest easy on that sort of a foundation. In this country the Irish anti-English grudges are dormant most of the time, but liable to be fanned into life. Just now, with curious timeliness—or untimeliness—we see Hearst and Nixon rallying O'Gorman, Tammany and the Irish societies wherever they can be stirred, to stand together against the canal tolls repeal bill. It is true that the government with which we deal in the matter of the tolls is the same that is dealing with Ulster in behalf of home rule, but that matters nothing to the Irish societies whose resolutions one reads in the Hearst papers.



DR. WOODROW WILSON'S discourse to the newspaper men about the President was very inter-



OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY

esting and entertaining, but, after all, it is a subject that Dr. Wilson is less qualified to discuss than several other subjects. Nobody seems to know more than a little about himself, and he is seldom able to tell even that little. Sensible people, when they talk about themselves, talk humorously (as Dr. Wilson did) and insensibly and inevitably contrive a picture that is largely art.

The President is more of a person than Dr. Wilson appreciates. Of course, he is a human being and not an intellectual monster, but just as

much as another Mr. Wilson has cause to cry:

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us.

Plenty of people could tell him things about Woodrow Wilson. A good many people are bigger than they think. Otherwise there would be nothing to balance the people who think they are lots bigger than they are.

On the cover of Mr. Hapgood's *Harper's Weekly* for March 19 a telegraph blank is spread, bearing this message:

Certainly one of the most nobly useful men in the world. I have the

greatest admiration for him and the most profound confidence in his extraordinary character and abilities.

Woodrow Wilson.

Now, if Mr. Wilson had said something like that to the newspaper men about the President, that would have been something like a fair notice. But he was not speaking of the President. "Whom Does the President Mean?" was printed under the message. We guessed at it. First we guessed Mr. Brandeis. Next, Colonel House. Next, after due reflection, Colonel Harvey. Next, after more reflection and with effort, Colonel Bryan. And we were about to guess Mr. Hapgood, when we looked inside to see.

It was none of them. It was Mr. John R. Mott, a very good-looking, good man, who is a power in the Y. M. C. A. and hopes to evangelize the world in a single generation.



SHAKE hands, Mr. Mott! We are with you. We have known what it is to have to totter out into the open under a great burden of public commendation. Once Mr. Brisbane called us "well-meaning", and only lately the *Boston Transcript's* "Listener" described us as "amiable". We keep trying to live up to those compliments, and you, Mr. Mott, will have to try to live up to those words from President Wilson. We feel for you. You, probably, have never had a bad reputation. We have, often, and can assure you that it is a great deal easier to live down to a bad reputation than it is to live up to a good notice.

But, see, Mr. Mott, what he handed you to carry, and then observe what he helped himself to: "If I seem circumspect, it is because I am so diligently trying not to make any colossal blunders." Why, any of us, Mr. Mott, could live up to that. Couldn't we? Ah, the designing man! And good at it. Very good!

But when he confesses that he boils a great deal inside we are all with him. Everybody boils just now.

Letters of a Japanese School-boy

A Flight Across the Atlantic

To Editor "Life News" who believe in aviation but would not ride in one,

DEAR MR:—

Among list of flighty scientists determined to airship across Atlantic Ocean and other slight seas, continents, etc., are me & cousin Nogi. It is not so much that we are skillful as that we require that 50,000\$ prize of air which Nord Lorthcliff, Hearst-colored Englishman of considerable newspaper richness, now offer to any aviator willing to drown himself doing so. We have got our souls positively set for this sky-ridd, and if Japan is not represented there it will be because we have died before time. Except for fact that we have no fly-machine and no money, we are deliciously equipped for such expedition. We write you hoping you will find us one comfortable fly-boat of 2-Japanese capacity. Maybe Hon. Harold McCormick might loaned us one from his stable where he has plenty. Perhapsly he will also feel wealthy enough to furnish us with oil and gasolene which we will pay for from that 50,000\$ when obtained. Tell him not worry about our board during trip. Such an air-voyage only require 20 hours while flying and I have oftenly gone without fuel for 2 days. Also, if we are drown we shall not feel hungry.

"I am tired of my humble stationary in life," I answer Nogi. "Why should we continue enslaving on elevator-boy job, table-wait and other etc for price 4\$ weekly when 1,257,001\$ can be obtained by prizes from aviating. What looks smaller than 4\$ weekly?"

"1,257,001\$ when you don't win it," snagger Nogi standpattishly.

"Your brain is retail size!" I crabbly.

"Before making million dollars you must know how do it," he deprave.

"If you ever see Wall Street you would change that mind," I collapse. "Sipposing Hon. Columbus thought Scottish like you before dishcovering America? He wouldn't done it. Then

where would Jewish immigration go to then?"

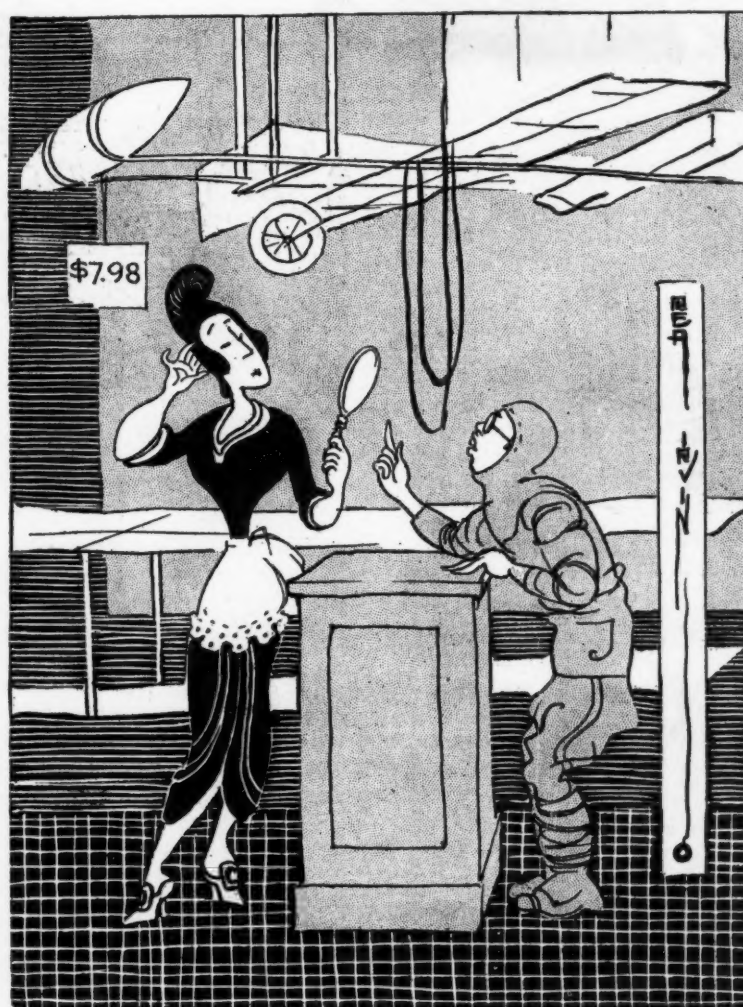
"I must worry," he relate for slang-ing talk. "Yet I still sippose we do not know something about aviation."

"Neither did Hon. Columbus. Yet see where he got!"

"Speak to me further of this million dollar prizes. To such a flight I can listen forever." Nogi say this.

"San Francisco Columbus & Goethals International Canal Axposition has offered 1,000,000\$ in fly-away prizes. I do not wonder if San Diego Something-Similar Fair putt in additional wealth to this sky-high charity. So there is that enormalous prize offered, some of which money they have axually got."

"Will it be deliciously difficult to



"You can get nearly everything in department stores"

obtain such cashes?" require Nogi with yearning expression peculiar to Charley Murphy.

"So simplicity!" I narrate. "All you need do is to fly around the world."

"—to lie around the world?" he confuse.

"Dumskull! I say 'fly around' with cleared voice," I holla peevly.

"This seem great simplicity," corode my cousin. "It are like death, love & roller-skating—quite easy to accomplish when you can do it. What movements must you make before entering that cloudy boat-race?"

"Firstly," I dictate, "you must write pleasant letter of correspondence to Hon. Al Hawley, Pres Aero Club of America. In this must say:

"Dear Al—I are thinking of flying around the world and want your sympathy. I have no airship, cannot fly and am minus sifficient cash to take lessons. Otherwisely I am perfectly prepared. Hon. Orv Wright say, 'Nerve are most important thing in flying.' We got sifficiently plenty of that fuel to arrive anywheres. Kindly to please send me maps showing position of Atlantic Ocean, Europe, etc., in order that I shall not fly to wrong place while doing so. Should politely like to know on what date Hon. Race start, so I shall be there with airship or some other form of bicycle. Considerable Frenchmans say it are impossible to fly over Pacific Ocean. Perhapsly. Yet do not feel discouridged until you see me.'"

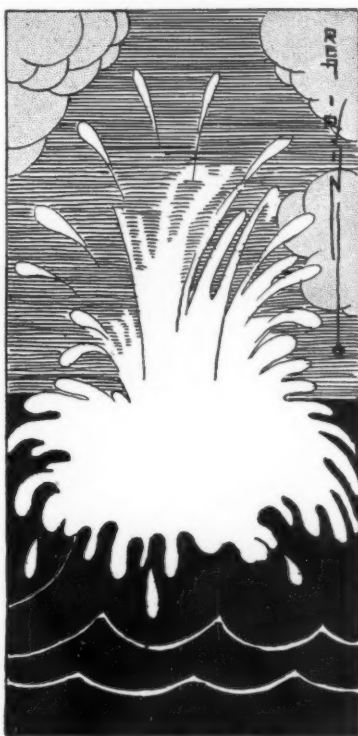
My cousin Nogi listen to that conversation I said it.

"Have Hon. Wanamaker got plenty sifficient airship for this across-ocean fly?" Nogi nextly require.

"I have not seen it with my own observation," I oblique, "yet I think maybe. You can get nearly everything in department stores."

"Yet I have looked for airships in dept stores and never found one," he snubject.

"I have oftenly had same trouble looking for shoebuttons there," I narrate, "yet it is no sign you can't find it if you know head floorwalker. I am sure this Wanamaker flapper will contain all white goods, whalebone etc.



"It are the finish which are apt to look lonesome"

necessary for flight. Hon. Rod Wanamaker can borrow everything from Father and never know difference."

"Father Wanamaker do not believe in sparing the Rod," suggest Nogi for slightly humorous joke.

"Everything that flies will be supplied to that boat by department store: gasolene from grocery dept, money from banking dept, army aviators from war dept. Luxury peculiar to Thos W Lawson will be found in that boat sliding on clouds."

"It are nice to be comfortable while being killed," Nogi gallop.

"Not much death is to be expected on that trip," I say forth. "Airships over ocean are more safer than steamboats on sea."

"How can you make such lies sound truthful?" Nogi abuse.

"Well so!" I compute. "Ocean airships contain only two (2) persons, ocean liners contain 5000. Aeroplanes has never drowned more than 2 at a

time—yet what is that compared to 5,000 what can be dipped at every iceberg?"

"Aviation should not be discouridged by that!" suggest Nogi. "Already Russian fly-man has invented aerobus equal to killing 15 at once."

"Science shall yet accomplish great things," I corrode. "In considerable months I shall not wonder if airshippers will round-trip globe each day, merely to save car-fare."

"When that swift date arrive, what next can be accomplished in flighty avigation?" my ignoramulous cousin require.

"Hon. Wm R. Hearst might offer billion dollars for first airman who flies to moon without stopping on the way." This from me.

"Who would start on such race?" he narrate.

"In races similar to that," I compute, "it are not difficult to start. It are the finish which are apt to look lonesome."

Nogi stand numfounded.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.
(Per Wallace Irwin..)

Bed

CONSOLER of our toils and strife,
Of weary feet and aching head,
We solve the problem of our life
In bed.

Relief from trammelling attire,
Which like unrighteous rags we shed,
The simple life that we desire
Is bed.

We leave the things that merely seem,
The husks on which our souls are fed,
To taste the living food of dream
In bed.

From distnal bores and friendships vain,
Too little done and too much said—
From pain, we fly to counterpane,
In bed.

"PAPA, what is a religious prejudice?"

"The convictions of some one else, my son."

· LIFE



The Path of Life

LIFE ·



e Path of Life

Save the Baby

SCENE—A Home in the Suburbs. Distracted young mother wringing her hands over a crying baby. Enter equally distracted father.

MOTHER: Oh! Oh! Baby is dying.

FATHER (running up to the crib): What is the matter with him?

MOTHER (holding him back): How do I know? Have I not been judged incompetent by the Local Council? Don't you touch him, it's against the law.

FATHER: Why don't you do something? Send for the doctor.

MOTHER: Impossible. The Board of Health has to be notified first.

FATHER: I can't stand this. (Attempts to take up the baby, but is held sternly back by the mother.) My child!

MOTHER: Wait. Here comes some one. (Official from Board of Health enters. Baby screams lustily. The official proceeds to vaccinate the baby. Disappears.)

MOTHER: He is still alive.

FATHER: Call the doctor on the telephone.

MOTHER: Impossible. Here comes some one else. (The door opens and another representative of the Board of Health enters. Baby still screams. He inoculates the baby with amazing skill and then disappears.)

FATHER (running forward again): My child!

MOTHER (restraining him): You misunderstand. We must first be visited by a representative of the Woman's Club. Remember that the president of the Woman's Club has been elected Mayor, and on a platform that promised to report all cases like this to the Mothers' Department.

FATHER (sinking into a chair and covering his face with his hands): Mothers' Department? Great Heavens, there is not a mother there.

MOTHER: That makes no difference.

(At this point an old nurse who has survived her day and generation, and, like a souvenir of the past, has still lingered with the family, enters.)

MOTHER: Keep out! You're liable to be arrested.

NURSE: What's the matter?

FATHER: Baby is dying and we cannot send for the doctor.

MOTHER: Not yet. Here comes the sociological expert. He has to write the case up for all the hygienic journals. It is a syndicate.

NURSE (her voice rising above the baby's screams): I'll risk all. (Plunges forward to crib and grabs the baby.)

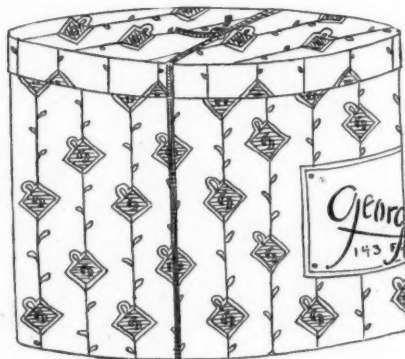
MOTHER: Stop her!

FATHER: Go it, Nurse! I'll spend the rest of my days in jail.

(The nurse turns the baby over rapidly and extracts an open safety-pin. Baby ceases crying.)

NURSE: Think of it! What is the world coming to? Why, the little dear might have cried himself to death—and just for this.

FATHER (regaining his self-possession): Don't mention it, Nurse. Let us thank heaven that baby's life is spared up to the present moment. Think of what might have happened if the doctor had actually come.



The Ballade of Silly Spring

LET other bards their love declare
To modern damsels of to-day;
To maids of wise, pedantic air,
Or those who join the suffrage fray.
But otherwhere my fancies stray,
For rather I a song would sing,
With all the plenitude I may
To Sylvia in the Silly Spring.

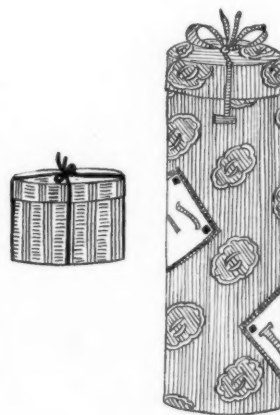
The tinkling tangles of her hair,
The glory of her eyes' soft gray;
How surely these my heart ensnare,
How to their charms my senses sway.
Like roses is her smile so gay,—
Like bird-notes, hear her laughter ring!
And sunlit zephyrs bear my lay
To Sylvia in the Silly Spring.

Never was season quite so fair;
So full of apple-blossom spray.
Never was maid so debonair,
So like a fragrant, fresh bouquet.
Ah, me, my muse has run away!
I can't control the prancing thing;
It dances like an elf or fay
To Sylvia in the Silly Spring.

L'Envoi:

Sage, these be foolish themes you say;
The flowers a-bloom, the birds
a-wing;
Yet only these my thoughts convey
To Sylvia in the Silly Spring.

Carolyn Wells.



Harvey Pearce.

EASTER BAND-BOXES

A STUDY IN CONTRACTION AND EXPANSION



The Winning Title

"Families may come, and families may go,
but mine sits around forever"

THE winning title to the contest picture, reproduced on this page, was sent in by

H. E. FIELD,
4516 NORTH HERMITAGE AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The picture—"What Has She Just Said?"—was first published in *LIFE*'s issue of February 19th, and in the four issues following. The contest closed at noon on March 14th. There were in all 13,292 answers received.

From all of the answers, thirteen were selected among the probabilities. Each of the five judges took a separate

list of these thirteen titles and independently selected three which in his or her judgment were the best. This resulted in seven titles. From these seven it was then discovered that three of the judges had the winning title first on their lists. The judges were unanimous in their disappointment of the quality of the answers as a whole. The ideas were duplicated in many of the answers.

The titles finally considered by the judges, in addition to the winning title, were the six that follow:

"I met Mrs. Pankhurst to-day and invited her for a week."

ART! CUI BONO?

"Percy agrees, Dad, that Sibyl is the better pianist, but prefers to take me—with a pianola."

"She: Are all the stores you go to candy stores? Don't any of them sell rings?"

"Good Lord! I promise to marry This rich scapegrace Harry;
It astonishes papa,
Delights mamma,
And crushes sister Carrie."

"Money can never buy love; I've accepted mother's choice."

"I'll lead the Suffragette Parade,
In father's pants and coat arrayed."



The Prophetic Soul of Shakespeare



ALAS! *Petruchio* left no offspring, or to-day the suffragette question would be easier of solution. Certainly Shakespeare drew *Katherina* with prophetic vision but, great man that he was, provided antidote for his own poisonous creation when he made *Petruchio* to master her. Shakespeare's countrymen have permitted the *Katherinas* to multiply, but apparently have neglected to foster *Petruchios* in equal proportion. Hence the ascendancy of the Pankhurstian amazons over the modern masculine Briton.

In our time *Katherina* would undoubtedly have been a leading suffragette and have exhausted her superabundant energies in public militant demonstrations instead of in domestic shrewing. This goes to show that, after all, the suffrage movement may have some indirect advantages for quiet-loving husbands who have made mistakes in choosing their other halves, particularly if the husbands are not equipped to be *Petruchios* in their own households and are content to let the wifely energies be exhibited in public.

MMARGARET ANGLIN'S *Katherina* in the latest production of "The Taming of the Shrew" lacks the claimed intellectuality of our modern suffragette, and is simply a young female person of extremely bad temper and disposition. The earlier descriptive lines in the play make the first characterization easy for the impersonator of *Katherina*. The development of the character calls for a use of light and shade that come without difficulty to Miss Anglin's command. Outside of the same faulty enunciation of Shakespeare's lines that marked her *Rosalind*, the main defect of this impersonation was a certain lack of distinction, for *Katherina* was a woman of family, and, shrew that she was, carried always with her a presence that emphasized the outrages to her dignity she suffered at her husband's hands. Mr. Eric Blind was a handsome and spirited *Petruchio*, but the hot potato that mars the speech of the whole company was also in his mouth and he, like all the rest, would find it of advantage to read frequently *Hamlet's* advice to the players. As in the production of "As You Like It" the setting and costuming were carefully done but in flat tones that made us wish for a little more brilliancy.

The Anglin presentation of the comedy is a sincere and painstaking effort, but it lacks force and distinction.

"MARRYING MONEY," at the Princess, was evidently intended to satirize in comedy form certain lamentable tendencies of persons in those spheres of American life that are exploited in the daily prints under the general caption of "Society". The authors had evidently gleaned their infor-

mation about their topics from those chronicles and had not elaborated their topic with any first-hand observation or enlivened it with any original or startling philosophy of humor. Doubtless persons in all walks of life occasionally marry for money, but it is too late to make the practice an object of satire or the topic of an amusing comedy unless it could be treated with greater skill than is displayed in this weak effort.



"THE CRINOLINE GIRL" is simply a vehicle for permitting Mr. Julian Eltinge to demonstrate that a man may dress up in girls' clothes and look and act like a girl. He does it very well indeed; in fact, he seems a more attractive and good-looking girl than many real ones who are seen on the stage. The piece has a multitudinous plot with a few songs by the star and a good many laughs. Mr. Eltinge does not permit his audience to forget that he is a man masquerading in woman's clothes, which redeems the performance from its possibly objectionable quality.



YES, the circus still has the smell of sawdust and elephants. Ice-cream cones have largely supplanted pink lemonade, but there are still peanuts and the clown feature is presented in the same increase in numbers and elaboration of effects that have marked it for the past few seasons.

The big change in the circus is the increased time and effort given to the spectacle which is now the main feature of the entertainment. To the New Yorker familiar with the Hippodrome and its accomplishments this is not so much of a novelty as it is bound to be in the outlying districts where the combination of brilliant costumes, countless coryphées, and Oriental properties with horses, elephants and



THE PRIMA DONNA TRIES HER NEW LULLABY



"THE CHURCH MILITANT"

camels combined into a really impressive display makes a really new attraction. This new development naturally cuts down the time allotted to the regular circus features, although the equestrian and gymnastic exhibitions are retained in quite sufficient quantity. Perhaps the regular, annual circusgoer will welcome this departure from the same old thing that he has seen year after year since boyhood.

As it is, the Barnum & Bailey circus is a more interesting entertainment, for grown-ups anyway, than it has been for a number of years.

WE'VE had so many mediocre, farcical comedies this season, with the laughs separated by long stretches of the commonplace, that it is real pleasure to encounter one where the merriment is practically continuous. This is the case with "A Pair of Sixes" by Mr. Edward Peple. One forgets entirely its absolute improbability in the quick succession of clever lines and laughable situations. The pair of sixes which gives the play its title make the winning poker-hand that condemns one of a couple of quarreling partners to be the other's butler for an entire year. The ensuing complications are many, and all laughable. The farce is interpreted by an unusually good company with Messrs. Hale Hamilton and George Parsons as the partners, Fritz Williams their lawyer, Ivy Troutman the wife of one and Ann Murdock the fiancée of the other, Carole Clark, a typical fresh typewriter and Maude

Eburne, a funnier slavey than has been seen for many a day.

There need be no undue haste about getting seats for "A Pair of Sixes" as it is likely to run all summer and then some.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Seven Keys to Baldpate." Curious dramatization of a curious book. A laughable farce made out of a mystery novel in which process the audience finally finds that it is the victim of the joke.

Belasco.—"The Secret." Close analysis of the character of an unpleasant woman, skillfully done by the French author and expertly staged by Mr. Belasco, but with a total result that is not entirely agreeable.

Booth.—"Panthea," by Monckton Hoffe. Notice later.

Casino.—"High Jinks." Girl-and-music show done with a little more dash and vigor than usual.

Century Opera House.—Popular-priced opera in English, presenting the best-known compositions in fairly good rendition.

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." Jewish commercial life in New York turned into very laughable farce comedy. Well acted and extremely diverting.

Comedy.—"Kitty MacKay." Scotch village life made intensely humorous and leavened with a bit of pathos. Enjoyable and well acted.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Mr. Manners's demonstration that for stage purposes the English nobility may easily be twisted about the little finger of a clever and engaging Irish-American girl. Well acted light comedy.

Eltinge.—"The Yellow Ticket." Russian persecution of the Jews made the basis of a very interesting and well presented melodrama.

Empire.—Maude Adams in J. M. Barrie's "Legend of Leonora." Combination of comedy and burlesque with the English law courts as the butt of the author's wit. Amusing but not in the best vein of either author or star.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Midnight Girl."

Unusually agreeable entertainment in the girl-and-music line. Funny, tuneful and well done.

Forty-eighth Street.—"To-day." Not particularly clever drama giving a mistaken view of New York life and depending for its patronage on one very lurid scene.

Fulton.—"The Misleading Lady." Fairly diverting farcical comedy dealing with the adventures of a flirt who thinks she can amuse herself with a primitive man.

Gaiety.—"Along Came Ruth." Belgian comedy transplanted to a Maine village. Well acted and rather amusing.

Globe.—"The Queen of the Movies." The moving pictures furnishing a laughable plot for a more than ordinarily diverting girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"The Rule of 3." A lady with two ex-husbands and one *de facto* made the heroine of a mildly laughable farcical comedy.

Hippodrome.—Preparing for a spectacular production of "Pinafore" with the tank representing the real ocean.

Hudson.—Margaret Anglin in Shakespearian repertoire. See above.

Knickerbocker.—Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl." See above.

Longacre.—"A Pair of Sixes," by Mr. Edward Peple. See above.

Little.—Closed pending the appearance of Grace George in Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Truth."

Lyric.—"Omar the Tentmaker." A poetic, fantastic and fairly interesting drama based on the quatrains of Omar Khayyam with Mr. Guy Bates Post in the title part. Spectacular and picturesque.

Madison Square Garden.—The Barnum and Bailey Circus. See above.

Marine Elliott's.—"Help Wanted." Exposition of the temptations that lie in wait for young women with ambitions to become the confidential stenographers of millionaires. More amusing than impressive.

Playhouse.—"The Things That Count." Agreeable little play of elementary sentiment and comedy showing that upper New York is not entirely out of touch with lower New York.

Princess.—"Marrying Money," by Washington Pezet and Bertram Marburgh. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Too Many Cooks," by Mr. Frank Craven. Cheerful comedy of the suburbs, original in its fun and treatment of a novel theme.

Wallack's.—"Grumpy." Interesting melodramatic comedy with Mr. Cyril Maude's finished acting in the portrayal of a senile but lovable barrister.

Winter Garden.—"The Whirl of the World." Girls and rag-time galore, dancing, glitter and gorgeousness in unlimited quantities.



THE TANGORILLA

THE LATEST BOOKS

THERE was a slight difference of opinion in our family lately as to the identity of the fourth President of the United States. And this, quite naturally, although by a sequence of thought that escapes me at the moment, led to a heated altercation as to the effect of radio-activity on hæmoglobin. I forget how the historical question was settled. Who was that fourth President, anyway? Blamed if I haven't forgotten again. But when the chemico-physiological question was put forward I offered to go and look the matter up in the 1914 "Scientific American Reference Book".

Of course, I ought to have known better.

For I knew a chap once who had his tickets all taken on one of those Pampered-American cruises *au jus*; his trunk all packed and delivered at the dock, his luggage laid out, and his good-byes all but said; who, at the fag end of his last evening, made up his mind that, considering the uncertainties of life at sea, he might as well, before going to bed, burn the contents of the locked tin box behind the bust of Pallas Athene on the top of the bookcase in his dressing-room. It was a big box, and he had some trouble getting it down. And then he couldn't find the key. But at last he got it open, took out the top bundle of old love letters, cut the blue ribbon that bound them, and tossed about twenty-five of them onto the coals in the grate.

But old love letters are slow burners. After poking the lot with the shovel till he'd almost put out the fire, he took another bundle, opened its letters sheet by sheet, crinkled them, stuffed them into the grate, and soon had a roaring conflagration, which, leaning back contentedly, he fed with fresh fuel as it flagged. And then, on the corner of a crumpled sheet, just as it shrivelled into a gun-metal curly-cue, his eye took in a sentence that made him smile. And when he opened the next batch he sort of peeked at the pages while he puckered them. And in the next he stopped here and there to re-taste the savor of some opening sentence or to enjoy again the pinned favor of some final phrase. And then—well, then the butler, who had several times sniffed suspiciously at the keyhole, fearing gas, put his head through the transom and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but you didn't answer, sir, and we were huncasy." And also that the Kron-princessen Amalie-Maude had sailed at two p. m. and the chauffeur wanted to know whether he should bring the wardrobe trunk back from the wharf.

It was past midnight when they looked *me* up. I had just mastered a hieroglyphic chart of the rise and fall of tubercular decreases during the nineteenth century and was raptly gazing at a Post-Impressionist illustration of the glass industry in the United States in which the Statue of Liberty posed as the cherry in a huge cocktail, while the Singer tower was safely sealed inside a gigantic milk bottle.

"Great heavens!" I cried. "Couldn't you have a little patience?"

And one of them, with a pitying look, said to the other: believe the man is still talking about yesterday."



"MOTHER, THAT'S THE BIGGEST RADIATOR I EVER SAW"

"THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN REFERENCE BOOK"

(Munn & Company, \$1.50) is like the British Museum. It is a splendid asset for any nation to possess, but it is dangerous to dip into if you're in a hurry. An innumerable host of investigators have gathered information. A noble army of martyrs have reduced this to its simplest terms. The slaves of the lamp of knowledge have taken the results and trimmed them, shaken them down, pressed them in presses, sorted them into sizes, pasted them onto pages, until, like dry rice poured into a wet boot, a pint of the contents of this amazing bushel would burst the brain pan of a giant. It is like indiscriminate charity. The very prodigality of its gifts tends to pauperize the intellect. It ought to be incorporated, like a Provident Wood Yard, and have tickets issued like a Soup Kitchen. Then, when the improvident accost us at street corners with their "I beg your pardon, but can you tell me—" we could hand them out an order on this monumental establishment and know that for at least one exciting and adventurous day another poor devil was removed from the ranks of the unemployed.

J. B. Kerfoot.



"JUST HEAVENLY"

Confidential Book Guide

The China Collector, by H. W. Lewer. First aid to the beginner in English porcelain. A useful and well-made little primer.

The Curious Lore of Precious Stones, by George F. Kunz. A business-like massing together of the gem sentiment and superstition of historic times.

Graphics, by Harris Merton Lyon. Sketches and stories of vigor and quality by a young American writer.

The Happy Ship, by Stephen French Whitman. In these racy yarns of United States bluejackets ashore a Kipling inspiration has been turned to excellent account.

Here Are Ladies, by James Stephens. Irish life, humor and fancy (the title is inadequate and misleading) caught from varying angles by a versatile writer.

Japanese Flower Arrangement, by Mary Averill. A beautiful little book whose text and illustrations make clear the rudiments of a highly developed art.

The Joy of Youth, by Eden Phillpotts. Young love and young enthusiasms freshly depicted in an atmosphere of art, Italy and attractive egotism.

Magic, by G. K. Chesterton. A little play in which the riddle of the universe makes a mocking bow to us from a platform of clever nonsense.

Memoirs of Li-Hung-Chang, edited by W. F. Mannix. Assorted samples from a mass of personal papers suggestive of the wise naïveté of an uncanny child.

The Passionate Friends, by H. G. Wells. An engrossing story in which, once more, Wells deals with the spiritual growths that root in human failure.

The Poison Belt, by A. Conan Doyle. A one-film photo-play of the end of the world.

The Scientific American Reference Book, 1914. See preceding page.

Sex-Origin Determination, by Dr. Thomas E. Reed. An interesting development of a theory of tide influences on vitality.

The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman's Suffrage, by Sir Almoth E. Wright. In which an angry Englishman grasps the sword of logic by the blade and tries to pierce his opponents with the handle.

The Valley of the Moon, by Jack London. A labor tale that solves no problems, but offers an engaging history of one couple's romantic escape from slavery.

Youth's Encounter, by Compton McKenzie. The history of a growing up. A book which "a fine personal sympathy makes interesting but not memorable."



"Wonderful constitution—your baby!"

Imaginary Conversations

"COULD I see my baby?"

The poor woman who had applied at the Great Institute for Medical Research looked anxiously at the doctor.

"I was compelled by the Board of Health to leave him here yesterday morning."

"Let's see—your number is—oh, yes, 4214. Sorry, madam, but we are not quite through with him yet; we are still experimenting with him."

"May I ask, sir, what you are doing with him?"

"Certainly. We are trying out some new serums on him; we have also operated upon him. Wonderful constitution—your baby! He stands it very well. We are quite in hopes he may pull through."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Don't be alarmed, madam. If he doesn't it won't cost you a cent. He'll be buried at our expense, including flowers. We know our duty, madam."

"You are ever so kind, sir."

"Don't mention it."

Eugenic Wisconsin

LET no one underestimate
The Potency of Knowledge!
Our justly-famous Badger State
Is governed by a College.

That Unexampled Commonwealth
Whose progress baffles guessers,
Imbibes the rules of Civic Health
From erudite professors;

And every call for learning's fruits
Receives a quick response in
The Institute of Institutes
Which educates Wisconsin.

'Tis there the Farmer studies beans,—
Both how to plant and hoe them.
(I read such things in magazines,
And *that* is how I know them.)

And every other Seeker gets
Exactly what he pleases—
The art of selling chiffonettes,
The art of making cheeses.

From there the Legislator draws
High Thoughts and Fine Ambitions;
He learns the mode of making laws
For Bettering Conditions;

And, nobler still (though Judges flout
And Legal Lights disparage),
The proper way to bring about
Your True Eugenic Marriage!

You look askance?—You think per-
chance,
I'm jesting for the nonce in
My lofty song?—Nay, nay! you're
wrong;
I reverence Wisconsin!

A glad Utopia I see,
Advanced while others lag on,
Where none may wed on any plea
Without a doctor's tag on;

Where every law is wise and sound,
Each couple rightly mated,
Each Wicked Merger tightly bound,
Each Railroad regulated;

Where every house is crammed with
books,
Where money fills each wallet,
And every Well-born Baby looks
Like Robert M. La Follette!

Arthur Guiterman.



BUSONI

A message to other lovers of music

"Not because it would be a comprehensible impulse of politeness—nor even because we are associated in one common artistic interest—but merely through sincere sympathy and pure conviction, I feel bound to express to you my high appreciation and my deep gratitude as far as are concerned your great achievements and your most kind services with the Chickering Pianos. To realize an enjoyable piano-playing, these are the conditions—to perform beautifully beautiful music on a beautiful instrument. The first

I try to obtain, the second is provided by great masters, charming masters, respectful masters, the third undoubtedly you have produced into my hands. There are piano makers' art studios, and there are piano makers' manufactories. Remain as you are, the Artists in piano making. It is the way to add your own chapter to the history of music. I am, Gentlemen, Yours most faithfully,

Ferdinand Busoni

The Chickering dealer will treat you with the same consideration you are in the habit of getting in the best shops everywhere

Literature Mailed Gladly

Chickering

Pianos

Chickering & Sons, Boston
Division of American Piano Company

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable.

We Don't Know

EDITOR LIFE,
Dear Sir:

What has become of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, started some time ago, and for which a large amount of money was subscribed?

I am, sir,

Yours very truly,

H. B. SHARKEY.

DETROIT, MICH.,
February 6, 1914.

Opportunities

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

May one of your readers make some suggestions?

If you have finished your campaign for the distribution of noises, why not inaugurate one for the distribution of waste?

Newspapers are not so widely distributed in parks, playgrounds and streets as they might be.

The candy and gum manufacturers need encouragement to multiply their wrappers and boxes for their products that our elevated and subway platforms may be more thoroughly decorated.

Circulars enclosed in our Sunday papers could be more conspicuously circulated; suffragette matter, socialistic notices, etc., could be more effectually scattered.

Cigar and cigarette butts need not be discarded until you board a car, etc., etc.

Could you not have a column for Fool Questions? Such as: Why is the spitting ordinance not enforced?

Why must one pay five dollars to an alderman at City Hall to perform the marriage ceremony in three minutes?

Are the newspapers subsidized by the steamship companies, and is this the reason why they will not print facts about immigration sent to them?

If there are over three hundred thousand men and women out of work, imploring the President for employment, bread-lines increasing and armories demanded as lodging houses for the idle, why admit thousands more daily at Ellis Island?

Why do not the steamship companies provide schools and classes for foreigners instead of philanthropists?

Can you suggest a place for Americans when the few places left are filled by the scum of Europe?

How can we keep an American language when slang and a foreign mixture are taught in our schools by young teachers born of foreign parents?

How many Americans are employed at Ellis Island? In our city government?

Why not autopsies instead of vivisection?

Keep up your splendid fight against doctors and serums. If you need encouragement visit Parker Memorial Hospital, and see serums in process of manufacture.

I thank you for the laughs you have given—and the tears, too. If we had a few decent dailies with half the truth in them that LIFE has we might hope for better standards.

Sincerely yours,

ADDIE MYNA.

NEW YORK,
March 14, 1914.

From Delaware

EDITOR LIFE:

The times indeed seem out of joint when LIFE can permit itself to continue printing the class of writing it recently has on "Delaware", the first State to ratify the instrument that made this great country possible. Delaware as a State needs no defense, and none is attempted, but LIFE can adopt no surer, quicker method of losing its reputation throughout the country for wit, humor and fair play, as well as its high place among earnest American periodicals.

Respectfully,

JONATHAN H. BROWN.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,
February 27, 1914.

More of the Doctors' Trust

EDITOR OF LIFE:

If the doctors' plot is successful, no one will be allowed to escape the espionage which the medical organization is

preparing to establish. In order to be born, to grow and develop, to be educated, to marry, to conduct any business, to travel, to eat or sleep, to go to school, church, or place of amusement, to die and to be buried, the citizen must consult the Board of Health. Under penalty of the law, he must order his coming into the world and his going out, and all that lies between, after the rules and regulations of the medical authorities. This may sound preposterous, but if it is a fact it is a grim one. Already laws have been passed in one or another of the States, enacting, in effect, all of these restrictions, and there are indications that other State Legislatures will be asked to pass laws of a similar nature.

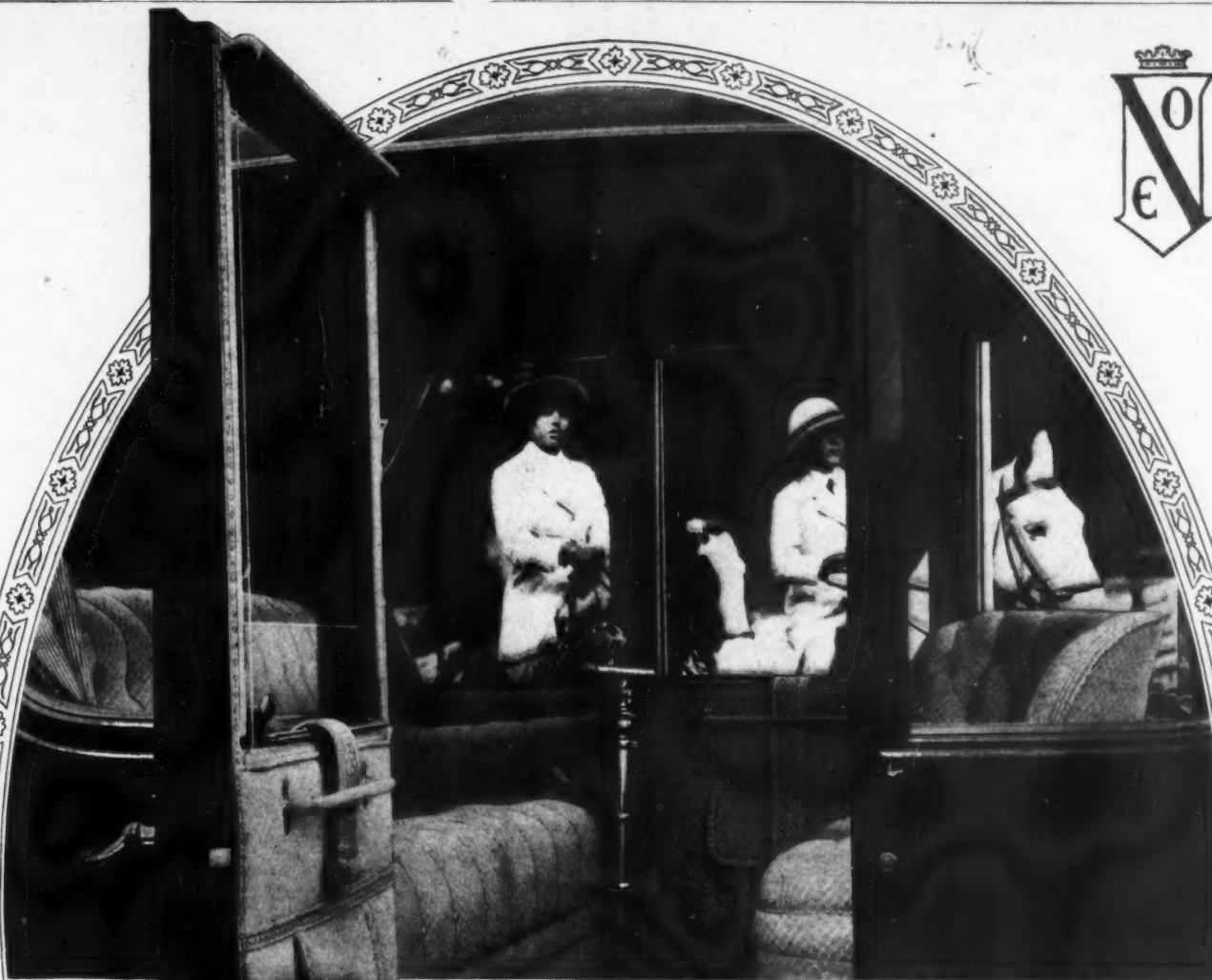
As soon as the infant is born, the scrutiny and dictation of the Board of Health begins. Under laws which have been proposed or passed in various States, if the doctors say so, new-born babes must have nitrate of silver dropped into their eyes, irrespective of the views or opinions of the parents. As the child grows, every disease on the medical calendar may be subject to examination by agents of the health authorities. The home may be intruded upon at will. It is no longer sacred. The traditional sentiment that a man's home is his castle has been rudely jarred by modern medicine. Under the proposed reign of serum-therapy, medical inspectors may enter any residence, on the plea that they are conserving the community's health, by keeping both you and your child under observation for contagious disease.

W. S. M.

BOSTON,
March 26, 1914.



GETTING IN TRAINING FOR THE SPRING SEASON



PREFERRED!

Women who look for beauty—women who demand simplicity—alike choose the Ohio Electric

The exclusive magnetic control and magnetic brake of the Ohio Electric have eliminated all the effort and worry of driving, and left nothing but the pleasure.

And the 1914 models of the Ohio, with sashless glass all around, extra wide doors, disappearing front window and many other refinements are, we believe, the most beautiful pleasure vehicle ever produced. *Literature on request.*

The Ohio Electric Car Co., 1505 Bancroft St., Toledo, Ohio

Gibson Electrica, Ltd. Ontario Distributors Toronto, Canada

Ohio Electric Magnetic Control—Simple as
Turning a Door-knob



OHIO
THE ENVIED
ELECTRIC



A Maid There Was

A maid there was in our town
Whose modesty was rare;
Of autumn trees she'd never speak
Because their limbs were bare.
When night its sable shadow threw
She'd tumble in a swoon
If curtain did not hide from view
The man up in the moon.
A plumber caused her death one day,
So the story goes—
By asking in a careless way
To let him see her hose.
—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*



"HOW D' DO? WHAT FASHION-BOOKLET
ARE YOU FROM?"

A YOUNG mother, who had just returned from India, engaged a new nurse for her baby. The nurse came to her and said: "I don't know what's the matter, madam, but the little one cries and cries. I can do nothing to quiet it." The mother thought a moment; then, brightening up, she said: "I remember now. Baby's last nurse was a black one. You will find the stove-polish on the third shelf in the kitchen."—*Argonaut.*

Onward Christian Nations

Onward, Christian Nations,
Making evermore
Costly preparations
For murdering by War.
Battleships, Torpedoes,
Armour, Guns and Shells;
Anything for slaying foes
The Promoter sells.

Newspapers for lying

When the truth costs dear;
Fools to do the dying,
Patriots to cheer.
Rulers, Priests and Preachers,
Hypocrites galore,
Praying to The Prince of Peace
For Victory in War.
—*Will Herford, in The Masses.*

Busy Days

"Gent uptown telephones for an officer at once. Burglar in the house."
"Let me see," said the captain, reflectively. "I've got four men censoring plays, two inspecting the gowns at a society function, and two more supervising a tango tea. Tell him I can send him an officer in about two hours."
—*Kansas City Journal.*

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

"VIYELLA"

Reg'd

FLANNEL

New Spring Designs for 1914

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading
retail stores

A large range of plain colors,
Stripes! Plaids!

AVOID SUBSTITUTES!

Facsimile of label on each 2½ yard

DOES
NOT
SHRINK

"Viyella"

(Reg'd.)

For FROCKS,
KNICKERBOCKERS,
NIGHT DRESSES,
DAY SHIRTS,
PYJAMAS, etc.

DOES NOT SHRINK



FUTURE STATE OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO, AT THE CRITICAL
MOMENT, ALWAYS HAD COLD FEET

Type your bill. Stop! It is footed—total proved
This latest Remington time-saver ends a
needless waste of clerical time

From now on bills and statements will be written-out and footed-up simultaneously.

One operation does it.

The typist inserts a bill head in the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter.

She copies the items.

But look!

Every time the numeral keys are pressed, the figures are both typed and added. The bill automatically foots—with cold steel accuracy.

If the typist prints a wrong total, an error-signal at once calls a halt.

The footings will be as correct as though proved by a certified accountant.

The bill—neatly typed and complete—is mailed without a moment's time spent on addition, subtraction or total-proving.

* * * *

This marks a tremendous advance in billing and accounting.

Hereafter, every moment spent in footing bills will be a sheer waste of clerical time.

This machine does your work your way.

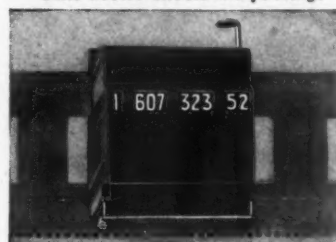
You can start using it tomorrow—without altering your accounting system in the slightest.

The only change it forces is a change from human inaccuracy to mechanical

precision—from time-waste to time-saving.

* * * *

This device shows the footing.



The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter is

(1)—always ready as a complete easy-running typewriter, for letter writing.

(2)—always ready as a quick adder and subtractor, for listing.

(3)—always ready for both writing words and adding figures at one operation.

This latest and most remarkable Remington time-saver is now used constantly in thousands of retail stores, banks and business offices—large and small.

The United States Sub-Treasury and the New York City Finance Department use it continuously.

Machines installed five years ago have paid for themselves over and over again, in time saved—to say nothing of errors caught before they were made.

* * * *

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter puts the old methods of footing bills and statements into a past business age.

A booklet, "The New Remington Idea," gives more details. Write for it today. It is much easier to keep up with the times than to catch up.

* * * *

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown below.

Each is a member of the famous Remington family.

Each is a complete, easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature.

Each is designed and built so as to insure maximum durability.

Each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER

(WAHL MECHANISM)



Remington
Standard



Monarch
Model



Smith-
Premier
Model

*Your totals
are shown here
as fast as the
figures are
typed*

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City (Branches Everywhere)

For clear, clean, typewriter results, use Remico brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Send for samples

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Fair Play

Two motorists, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather-bed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he violently shook his snoring friend.

"What's the matter?" growled the sleeper. "It can't be time to get up yet!"

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him, "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather!"—*Everybody's*.

The Cabby and His Bible

An Edinburgh cabman was driving an American round the sights of the northern city. In High Street he stopped, and with a wave of his whip announced: "That is John Knox's house." "John Knox!" exclaimed the American. "Who was he?" This was too much for the cabby. "Good heavens, man!" he exclaimed. "Did you never read your Bible?"—*Westminster Gazette*.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

AMATEUR ACTOR: How did you like my Hamlet last night?

CRITIC: Like it? My dear fellow, I can honestly say that in the opening scene of the fourth act you were as good as Forbes-Robertson.

AMATEUR ACTOR: But I didn't appear in that scene.

CRITIC: No; neither does Forbes-Robertson.—*Boston Transcript*.



Portfolio Photography

What would you not give for a picture of your son or daughter or some one equally dear to you? Deferred intentions often cause regrets.

Photographic likenesses in the latest art portfolio mountings insuring permanent preservation are the specialty of Francisca Bostwick.

Your time and convenience not intruded upon. Appointments for studio or home sittings by correspondence. Highest references.

Francisca Bostwick
19 West 31st Street, New York.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Could Be Trusted

There is a certain Ohio judge whose wit has enlivened many a dull case. On one occasion, counsel made in his court this statement on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance:

"My client, your honor, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position: he is manager of a water-works."

After a survey of the client, His Honor replied:

"Yes; he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

—*Lippincott's*.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

Kindness

"Is she good to the children?"

"Very. She lets them do everything their father doesn't want them to do."

—*Detroit Free Press*.



HUNTER



BALTIMORE RYE

THE RICHEST PRODUCT OF THE BEST
OF MARYLAND'S FAMOUS DISTILLERIES

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



She: NOW, DON'T YOU BE GETTING FRESH!



A Federal in the Service of the Lemp Brewing Company, St. Louis

FEDERAL

Not Merely Sold to You—
But Fitted to Your Business

We pride ourselves upon the fact that so many concerns now using large fleets of Federals started with the purchase of one, and bought the others largely because of the assistance we were able to give them in economizing haulage and labor costs.

For instance :

"During July, 1912, we purchased one of your Federal Trucks. After unloading from the shipping car we at once made a temporary body and started the rig on its way. With the exception of two weeks for painting last winter the truck has done daily work. Never in the last year's use have we been held up a minute. The truck has been used in hauling water from our spring to city warehouse, a distance of about four miles (round trip); roads are very poor in places in winter, but wherever the FEDERAL can get traction it will go through."—Rock Spring Water Co.

Many other bottlers, dairies and creameries have had similar experiences with Federals.

Our advisory service—the result of years of experience in practically every line and under all haulage conditions—is free to any manufacturer. It is one of the best means of demonstrating conclusively the relative value of motor and other haulage in different lines of business.

Why not write us? One of our representatives will be glad to call; and he will not try to sell you a truck unless he has convinced both you and himself that you can use one profitably.

Federal Motor Truck Co., 102 Leavitt Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

THESE incomparable sweets are the most universally popular of all dessert confections. Whether served at dinner, afternoon tea or any social gathering, Nabisco Sugar Wafers are equally delightful and appropriate. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA

Another dessert delight. Wafers of pleasing size and form with a bountiful confectionery filling. Another help to the hostess. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The New, or Super-Shave

ACCORDING to a report in the *Scientific American*, a razor has recently been invented which in appearance is like a diminutive electric fan. It works like the screw of a steamship, and has blades set at an angle, which, instead of cutting off one's whiskers in the hitherto conventional manner, chop them off. We are further comforted by the statement that the razor runs by electricity. Doubtless you can regulate the number of revolutions per minute to the conditions. If, for example, you have been up late the night before, you would naturally cut down the revolutions, say, to 1,200 or 1,500 per minute. Haste is what is ruining the American people, anyway. Under this new system of shaving you need no soap. Grasping the razor firmly in your hand, with the blades pointed toward you, you turn on the switch, and gradually bring it close to your face until you can feel your whiskers being removed. All that is needed is a steady nerve. Also, arrange it so that you will not be interrupted. To have any member of your family burst in upon you and inform you that the house is on fire might easily rob your morning whirl of all interest.

Be careful at first to practice only on that part of your face where there are no deep arteries. Even at the risk of presenting an uneven appearance in society for the first week or so, do not whirl too near your jugular vein.



HIS FIRST PANTS

Are You Sound?

WHAT does it mean to be sound? Is it a desirable condition? What is a sound theory? A sound man?

When you discover such a person, are you sure of him? How long will he remain sound, and who is to be the judge of his soundness?

If you decide to perform that doubtful function, how do you know that you are sound yourself? Should there be a proper court of inquiry to sit upon your soundness, in order to determine whether you are a fit person to sit upon the soundness of anyone else?

What is unsound to-day may be sound to-morrow. What is sound to-day may be unsound to-morrow. What is sound for one group is not so for another.

TOMMY: Pop, what is an idealist?

TOMMY'S POP: An idealist, my son, is a very young man who thinks all women are angels.—*Philadelphia Record*.

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.
Puritan Pub. Co. 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Garage \$49.50

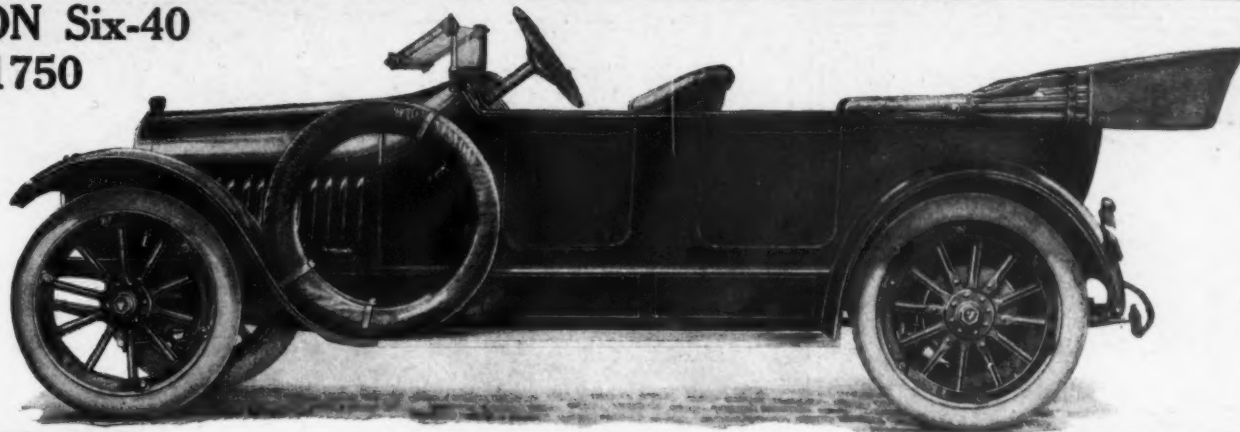
Genuine "Edwards." Ready made fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—\$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.



The Edwards Mfg. Co., 336-386 Eggleston Av., Cincinnati, O.

HUDSON Six-40

\$1750



Rides Like Constant Coasting

Just Drive this Six Ten Miles. No Question then About Sixes!

Go to your local HUDSON dealer. Take a ride, at the wheel, in this new Six-40. Then you will become forever a Six enthusiast. Note this price, this weight, these flowing lines, these superb appointments. Note that Howard E. Coffin builds the HUDSON Six-40. And then you will have the answer to the question of "which Six."

THIS new Hudson Six-40 can best speak for itself. You know your likes and wishes. See if this car meets them.

It needs no salesmanship. The facts are all apparent. Just get the car's own story and judge it for yourself.

Decide These Things

First, do you want a Six? If any doubt lingers, this ride will dispel it. The smoothness, the flexibility, the lack of vibration will make a resistanceless appeal. If you like luxury of motion you are coming to a Six.

Then the weight question. The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds, due to skillful designing and properly chosen materials. Do you wish to carry, in an equal-powered car, from 450 to 1,250 extra pounds? It would mean the same, in tire cost and fuel, as to carry at all times three to eight extra passengers.

Then operative cost. The HUDSON Six-40 has a new-type motor—small bore and long stroke—which has made amazing miles-per-gallon records. Your HUDSON dealer has many actual comparisons. Figure out what this one feature will save in the years to come.

The Quality Question

THEN let this Six-40, designed by Howard E. Coffin, show you the meaning of a high-grade car. Judge what it means in staunchness, in freedom from trouble, in long life and low upkeep. Now that \$1750 buys all these things, isn't quality worth getting?

THEN see if this car meets your ideals of beauty. Note the streamline body with the lines unbroken and without a hinge in sight. Mark the perfect finish, the deep, rich, hand-buffed upholstery. Will a car so distinguished add to the pleasure of ownership?

SEE the new equipment—the two disappearing tonneau seats, the "One-Man" top, the quick-adjusting side curtains, the dimming searchlights, the concealed speedometer gear. Note how extra tires are carried—ahead of the front door. Note the gasoline tank with its gauge in the cowl. Note the convenience of every control. All these are this year's improvements.

The Price Question

THEN judge if anything in comparable cars justifies a higher price. What more can any maker

offer in a car of like capacity? And what lower price, in any type, offers so much per dollar?

Count depreciation too. Since the Six is the type of the future, and since these lines and equipment are the coming vogue, think how this car will hold its value as compared with other types.

LET the HUDSON Six-40—the car itself—answer these questions for you. Let it make its own appeal. And don't delay. We are at this writing weeks behind on our orders. We have no hope of meeting all the next two months' demand.

Pheaton, with extra tonneau seats—or Roadster—\$1750 f. o. b. Detroit. Convertible Roadster, with leather top, lined, windows that drop out of sight into the doors—a car as beautiful and comfortable in rough weather as a limousine, and that can be quickly changed to an open roadster, \$1950.

The HUDSON Six-54

The new HUDSON Six-54 is almost identical with the HUDSON Six-40 in design and equipment. But it is larger and more powerful. It is for men who want a more impressive car. Its price is \$2250.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7857 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



"For the Utmost Progress in Safety"

The E. H. Harriman Memorial Medal, offered each year by the American Museum of Safety to the railroad making the most progress in safety and in accident prevention, has been awarded to the

Southern Pacific

The Exposition Line—1915

Route of the luxurious, all-Pullman
Sunset Limited

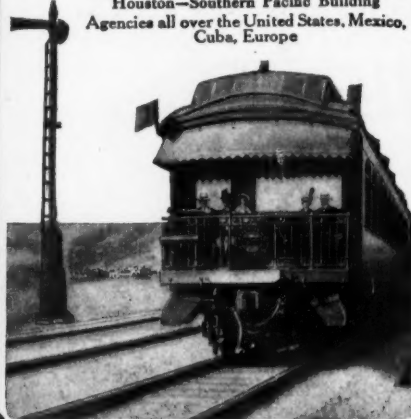
EVERY DAY—NO EXTRA FARE
between

California and New Orleans

Write for interesting descriptive booklets.

General Offices:

NEW YORK CITY 366 Broadway
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New Orleans—Metropolitan Bank Building
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Agencies all over the United States, Mexico, Cuba, Europe



A Give-Away

"What made you think Mr. Lovetwet had been drinking?"

"Why, when the charlotte russe was set before him he tried to blow off the foam."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

"How did you propose to support my daughter, sir?"

"I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald*.

Feminist Contest

FOR the best article on Feminism in five hundred words or less, LIFE will pay three hundred dollars. The contributions as they are received will be passed upon and such as are accepted for publication will be paid for at five cents a word. The one which the editors of LIFE consider the best of all the contributions accepted will receive the prize of three hundred dollars. The competition begins at once.

The accepted manuscript will be published in the Feminist Number of LIFE, to be issued the first week in June, 1914. This number will present the case for and against Feminism from LIFE's own standpoint.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

No manuscript shall exceed five hundred words in length.

Any number of manuscripts on the subject can be sent in by one contributor.

The name and address of each contestant should be placed upon the manuscript, which preferably should be typewritten.

All those manuscripts which are not acceptable will be returned, if accompanied by postage.

The contest will close on Saturday, May 2nd. No manuscript received after noon on that date will be considered.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st

*A soft, rich whiskey
with the flavor
of an old vintage.
Old fashioned dis-
tillation—ripened
by age only.*

Bottled
in Bond

PEBBLEFORD

*Old Fashioned
Quality*

Kentucky Bourbon

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO.,
BOURBON, NELSON COUNTT, KY.



This little Blue-jay is removing a million corns a month.

It is doing that for hundreds of thousands who used to doctor corns in old ways. And every one of those legions of people would gladly tell you this:

That Blue-jay stops pain instantly. That the corn comes out in 48 hours without any pain or soreness.

That Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant one forgets the corn.

That the corns never come back. New ones may come, but the old don't reappear.

Think of that, you who pare corns, you who use old-time methods. A famous chemist, in the one right way, has solved the whole corn problem. And that way—Blue-jay—is at every drug store waiting for your use.

Don't you think it time you tried it—now that sixty million ended corns owe their fate to Blue-jay?

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Street, New York City; and "Feminist Contest" should be put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered as belonging to the contest.

The Black Spot

STATE TREASURER KENNEDY'S death is attributed by the more candid contemporaries to his reluctance to hand the black spot to Charles Murphy.

It is an ugly job, that. John Silver Sulzer seems the only one who has the nerve to do it.



Hand Made

Kelly-Springfield

Automobile Tires

SOMETIMES it takes months, sometimes even years, for a motorist to come around to buying Kelly-Springfield Tires. That's because some people have more patience than others.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., Cor. B'way & 57th St., N. Y.

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.
Bosch Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Southern Hardware & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Central Rubber & Supply Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
The Olmsted Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.

Barnard & Michael, Buffalo, N. Y.

Briggs Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.
K & S Auto Tire Company, Limited, Toronto



The Soap that is All Soap

Unmixed with Water

Solid Value

Water is cheap. That is why you get so much of it in common toilet soaps.

Pears is all pure soap in every particle, so that although its first cost may be a trifle more than that of the ordinary soap, it lasts so long that its ultimate cost is very much less.

Thus, as a matter of economy alone, it possesses undoubted advantages over the low priced soaps, composed of water and low grade materials which injure the skin.

Other Value

Being waterless, Pears never dries up—never shrinks. It remains hard all through, in any climate, and will wear as thin as a sixpence.

Another point of value is that being of such purity and efficacy in every particle, a very little of it gives a sufficient profusion of lather for toilet or bath, while in regard to cleansing and beautifying properties, there is nothing in the whole range of saponaceous products to equal Pears, which is matchless for the complexion.

Pears' Soap

*The Soap That Lasts Twice
as Long as Ordinary Soaps*

THE GREAT ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP

A Case of Lyssophobia

A case of lyssophobia in Syracuse has recently attracted much attention in the public press. Mr. J. E. Hubbell, of that city, was bitten in the face November 20, last, while teasing a pet bulldog. The wound was immediately cauterized and later tetanus anti-toxin was administered. The dog was examined by experts and declared free of rabies.

No alarming symptoms developed until December 29, when Mr. Hubbell was seized with all the terrible indications of hydrophobia and died a few days later. Physicians declare that the patient died of lyssophobia brought on from dread of hydrophobia.

—The National Humane Review.

SO Lyssophobia is the name.

It has certainly developed handsomely under the auspices of the Pasteur Institutes—which do not pretend to "cure" unless you are treated before the dog bites you. The institutes merely scare you into the disease. They cause more hydrophobia than all the dogs in the world.

Our Soul Exchange

NEW souls exchanged for old ones. No reasonable offer refused. Remember, we are in the soul business for all time. The oldest established soul exchange in existence.

Souls done over as good as new for a moderate price. New souls sold on the easy-payment plan. Suburban souls a specialty.

Bring your soul in and let us examine it free of charge. Insured at nominal rates.

Our soul saving department is in competent hands. Souls saved while you wait. Groups of five at a liberal discount. Also family souls.

No matter whether you think your soul is worth saving or not, step in and look over our line.



For Easter

As a gift carries a message more clearly than words and as delicately as flowers. Preferences in flowers differ; a box of *Huyler's* is universally appreciated. Its gift is a subtle tribute to good taste.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Each piece of *Huyler's* is made as if our reputation depended on it alone. Chocolate-covered nuts and fruits, dainty bonbons and creams, little nuggets of flavor—*Huyler's* is the candy word that always means deliciousness.

Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates and many other sweet things from *Huyler's* are sold by *Huyler's* sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York
FRANK DeK. HUYLER, Pres.
Ask for *Huyler's* Cocoa and *Huyler's* Chocolat
at your grocer's



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

Rhymed Reviews

Anthony the Absolute

(By Samuel Merwin. The Century Co.)

THE operatic Heloise

Should not have married Bully Crocker;
Averse to soft domestic ease,
She scorned the rôle of cradle-rockers.

A second Patti (oh, at least!),

She did not care to be a mother;
When Crocker raged, she hurried East
With some anonymous Another.

Friend Husband packed a carving-knife
And followed fast, intent on wreaking
ing

His rage upon the erring wife
Who now was all alone in Peking,

But on his way he chanced to meet

The Anthony who spins the story
And told him all,—his hope's defeat,
His grief, his wrath, his purpose
gory.

This Anthony was steeped in lore
Of sharps and flats and notes Carusic.
He strayed to Peking, searching for
The key to Oriental music.

And there he found a lady who
Could sing more notes than Kube-
lik's fiddle.

'Twas Heloise! (You guessed it, too?)
She helped him solve the tonal
riddle.

Quoth Anthony when Crocker came,
"Your wife: She's here. I, too,
adore her.

You'll give her up; I'll do the same.
She has a Great Career before her!"

But no! An onslaught Crocker made
On Heloise; and, foiled by Tony,
In his own heart he sheathed his blade
And died, unmourned by wife or
crony.

And then, in spite,—as you'll infer,—
Of Anthony's appeals for mercy,
The widow made him marry her.—
She must have been a perfect Circe!

The hero seems a paler "Queed"—
Your pardon if I seem a knocker,
But I'm a trifle jarred;—indeed,
My sympathies are half with Crocker.

Arthur Guiterman.

1914



Your car starts in trim for 1914

How will it end?

Friction is relentless.

It steals mileage that belongs to you. It means lost power, and worn metal. In the end it destroys all motors.

A canvass among New York repair shops showed that about one-half of the automobile engine troubles are caused by incorrect lubrication.

Correct automobile lubrication is an intricate, scientific problem.

Motors and feed systems differ widely. No one lubricating oil can be efficient for all cars.

This is absolute.

You selected a car that suits you. Now select an oil that suits your car.

Your motor has approximately 1500 parts. To reach all friction points properly your oil must suit your motor.

Words and claims cannot meet this condition.

Your business sense must ask:

"Who made the oil?"

"How did they determine its fitness for my motor?"

Throughout the world, the counsel of the Vacuum Oil Company on lubricating problems relating to every class of machinery is sought by engineers who must meet the most rigid efficiency standards.

Lubrication with us is both a business and a profession.

The Lubricating Chart, printed in part on the right, represents our professional advice on automobile lubrication. It is a result of the most far-reaching and thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been made.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and model of American and foreign car.

The oils specified have been thoroughly proven by practical demonstration.

For a number of years this Chart, which is annually brought up to date, has been the standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make sure that you get it.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are: Gargoyle Mobiloil "A", Gargoyle Mobiloil "B", Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic".

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.
Branches: DETROIT, Ford Bldg. BOSTON, 49 Federal St. NEW YORK, 29 Broadway CHICAGO, Fisher Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, 4th & Chestnut Sts. INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana Pythian Bldg. MINNEAPOLIS, Plymouth Bldg. PITTSBURG, Fulton Bldg.

1915



Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A". "Arc" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924
CARS											
Abbott Detroit	A	W	A	W	A	W	A	W	A	W	A
Akzo	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Ashtabula	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A
Avery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Beick (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (4 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Carters	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc
" Com'l.	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A
Cash	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	D	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge	D	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	A	E	B	E	A	A	B	A	B	A	A
Flanagan	A	E	B	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	B	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	A
Franklin	F	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Haver 6-44			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A
Haver 6-60											Arc
Hudson	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile '20	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" '21	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (water)									A	A	A
I. H. C. (air)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (water)									A	A	A
International	B	A	B	B	B	B	A	A	A	A	A
Interstate	A	E	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Jackson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl)	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jeffery											A
Kelly											A
Kirk											A
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Knox	B	A	D	A	B	A	A	A	A	B	A
Kril	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Laurel	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Mack	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	Arc
Mack Jr.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmont	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmont	A	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
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" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
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" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	E	E								



The breakfast beverage

You will find that Welch's fits in fine as the fruit course at breakfast, and it is a good way to start the day, as the Welch habit is a health habit.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

—over the morning cereal, "flakes" or puffed grains, is delicious; an excellent substitute for cream and more easily digested.

The very finest Concord grapes, pressed and bottled in the exact, sanitary Welch way, give you Nature's best flavor and quality AT its best. Order a case today.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—say WELCH'S and GET IT!

A booklet suggesting many uses for Welch's sent on request.

If you cannot get Welch's from your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for \$3. Sample 4-oz. bottle 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, New York

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of LIFE, published weekly at New York City, required by the Act of August 24, 1912: Editor, J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Business Managers, Andrew Miller, James S. Metcalfe, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Publisher, Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Owners: J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York; Andrew Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders: George C. Foster, care Guarantee Trust Company, Fifth Avenue Branch, Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, New York; United States Trust Company of New York, 45 Wall Street, New York. James S. Metcalfe. Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 11th day of March, 1914.

(Seal) Wm. Krone, Notary Public.

As to Families

YOU and I, thinking soberly, are ready to prefer quality to quantity, as regards families. By all means, say we, let us have good families rather than big families, provided we can't have both. But Nature, that persistent old dame who though she may be cast out with a pitchfork, will, nevertheless, come back—what does she think about it? By every token her notion is not ours. Nothing can be more certain than that Nature, at least, desires quantity in families to the sacrifice of everything else. She has the one command for every creature: "Multiply and replenish the earth!" From midge to man she bids all life reproduce itself—she asks no more.

Frankly, hasn't eugenics much the look of another pitchfork, and isn't it as futile as the rest? Nature laughs in her sleeve and comes back when she gets good and ready; give me an abundance of babies, says she, and I will see to it that enough of them are the right sort.

The Triumph of Feminism

The Feminist movement is growing broader all the time. Thirty years ago a Feminist mass-meeting would have included few women with husbands, few women who wanted husbands or hoped for husbands.

Twenty years ago it would have included many women with husbands, but there would have been no men present.

Fifteen years ago the husbands would have been made to stay at home and take care of the children.

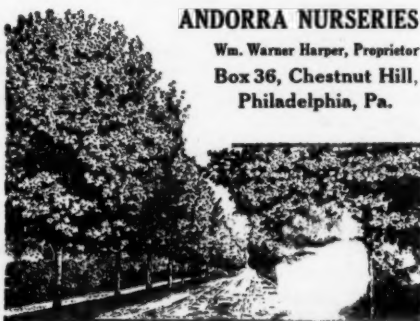
Ten years ago men would have been checked at the door.

THE ANDORRA WAY

is to grow, train and frequently transplant trees and shrubs of distinctive varieties, so that specimens are produced which will make landscapes of beauty in months rather than years.

The superb Tulip Tree, the robust Lindens, the quick growing Pin Oaks, the sturdy Norway Maples grown in The Andorra Way, are here in transplanted large sizes, which will give quick and satisfactory effects.

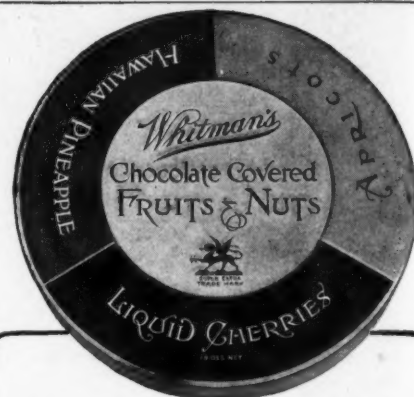
See Andorra. Write if you cannot come. Our experience and unmatched stock are at your command. Spring catalogue now ready.



ANDORRA NURSERIES

Wm. Warner Harper, Proprietor

Box 36, Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia, Pa.



This new member of the large and growing family of Whitman sweets weighs 19 ounces.

Whitman's
CHOCOLATE
COVERED

Fruits and Nuts

Supplied by our sales agents almost everywhere. Retail at \$1.25, except in Canada and extreme west. Sent postpaid if no agent is convenient.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia

Makers of *Whitman's* Instantaneous Chocolate and Marshmallow Whip.



Five years ago men would have been admitted, but not on terms of equality—they would have been present, but not voting.

To-day there are almost as many men as women in a real Feminist meeting, and they are admitted on terms of absolute equality.

To-morrow—supposing the movement continues to broaden—there will be more men than women—and that will be, will it not, the triumph of the Feminist movement?—*Evening Sun.*

Narrow-Mindedness

Surely it is a very narrow view of life which fails to see how much is to be done in the world besides rearing children.—*Mary Leal Harkness, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

SOME children are born reared, some survive being reared, and others have the more or less pusillanimous process of being reared thrust upon them. But can it be possible that there are still people in this country who think that the rearing of children is important?

At least we know of none who are so narrow. Everybody nowadays is broad-minded. The luxury of narrow-mindedness and, for example, cleaving to the rearing of children to the exclusion of everything else, is no longer possible, even in villages.

Every small village which at one time was a harbor and refuge for narrow-mindedness, now has its sociological club, its uplift society, its sex-hygiene program and its travelogues.

MRS. PUTTON-AYRES had picked up a few French phrases which she worked into her talk on every possible occasion. Entering the butcher's shop one day she inquired if he had any "bon-vivant".

"Boned what, ma'am?" asked the butcher, puzzled.

"Bon-vivant," she repeated. "That's the French for good liver, you know."

—*Boston Transcript.*



DIARY February 17, 1817.

"Mine Host always knows what to bring when Tom and I sit at his table. He puts on his best 'Mine Host' smile—and brings in good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years."

As pure, mellow and fragrant to-day as in the days of Pres. Madison when OLD OVERHOLT first became the choice of men who know.

Aged in charred oak barrels and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Sunshine Tells The Tale

You know how sunlight, streaming through the windows, shows the dust-filled air of a broom-swept room. You know that, no matter how thoroughly you sweep and "dust," in a few minutes the flying dust resettles on furniture, floors and fixtures, and floats in the air you breathe.

What a bright contrast is seen in the home "washed with air" by a

Western Electric Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner

Such a home welcomes sunlight, for all dust and dirt is drawn out of each room—banished—by the powerful, steady suction of a miniature strong wind. And the only effort required is to pass the light, handy nozzle over the article or surface to be cleaned. No sweeping. No dusting. No backache. Any nearby electric light socket furnishes the power. Every home, small or large, can have a Western Electric Cleaner exactly the right size to keep that home "spick-and-span." There are many models, both portable and stationary, priced from \$47.50 to \$400.

Write for our sunlight book, "The Clean Way to Clean." Full of cheer for every housewife. Ask for book No. 15-AK. It will be sent free.

There is an opportunity for agents to represent us in some unoccupied territories.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 7,500,000
"Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco
Boston	Pittsburgh	St. Paul	Denver
Philadelphia	Cleveland	Minneapolis	Salt Lake City
Buffalo	Cincinnati	Omaha	Los Angeles
Richmond	Indianapolis	Houston	Oakland
Savannah	St. Louis	Dallas	Portland
Atlanta	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Seattle
New Orleans			

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED



Bridges

BRIDGES are seen hanging over rivers and upon noses. They also span some streets. They should not be confused with the game called bridge, which spans only time and money. Some bridges, like poker, depend entirely upon the draw. Bridges spend their time in heaving up and down and leaning against their towers.

The object of bridges is to give everyone a chance to get back from where he has been, or to go whence he can get back. Sometimes bridges are built over railroad tracks and spend all their time in saving people from being run over. A bridge which is thus employed is very happy, because it leads an upright life; also because the railroad company was sad when obliged to put it there.

Bridges are also used over chasms. Every chasm ought to have one. It provides a place for children to fall from; also, it gives the chasm something to look up to.

Astor Trust Company

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"STANDISH"
 the new
**ARROW
 COLLAR**

is an ultra smart
 style which correctly
 expresses the trend
 of fashion

2 for 25¢

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. Troy, N. Y.
 Makers of ARROW SHIRTS



**ALL ROADS ARE LEVEL ROADS
 TO THE**

Indian Motorcycle

"Rushing" a hill is an unknown experience to the Indian rider. "A twist of the wrist" silently gives the command to the motor for more power. And the power is there. It responds instantly. The rider feels that peculiar "bite"—a thrilling, assuring sensation of the answering motor!—and then the speed deftly picks up—picks up—picks up—without a moment's hesitation. The steepest grade offers no trouble to the Indian-mounted man.

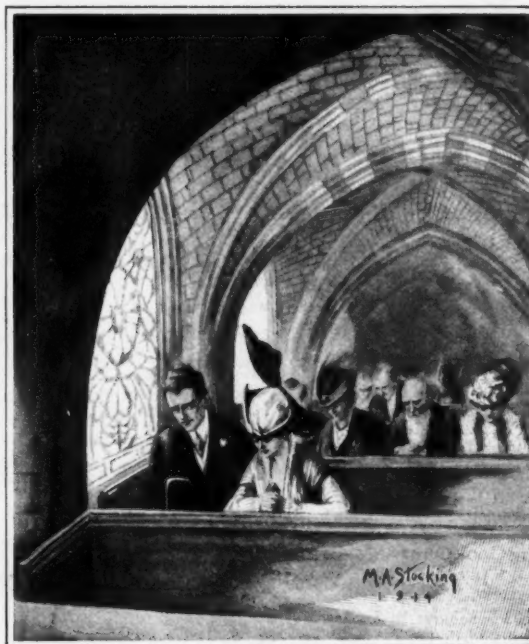
Rough roads, too, mean nothing to the Indian tourist. With his machine fitted with foot-boards and that incomparable, inimitable comfort feature, the Cradle Spring Frame, shocks and jars are dispelled. Indian riding is smooth riding, whatever the condition of the highway.

With stupendous power—with perfected comfort devices—all roads are level roads to the Indian.

Send for the new 32-page catalog

HENDEE MFG. CO. (largest motorcycle manufacturers in the world) **808 State St., Springfield, Mass.**

Branches and Service Stations—Chicago, Dallas, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta, Denver, Toronto, Melbourne, London



"YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER, BUT YOU CAN'T
 MAKE HIM DRINK"



AN APPEAL TO REASON

Animals That Work

Some of the wasps are paper-makers; the spiders are spinners, and the worms are weavers.

The ants are indefatigable workers and have a well organized system of labor. Certain species of East Indian ants are horticulturists; they raise mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

The bees are expert builders; their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized rooms and the least possible loss of wall space.

So also are the ant-lions, whose funnel-shaped traps are exactly correct in conformation, as if they had been made by the most skilled architects of our species with the aid of the best instruments.

The beaver is an architect, engineer and woodcutter; he builds houses and dams water-courses with the ingenuity and despatch that would do credit to human hands and brains. We all know what it means to "work like a beaver".

The spiders are skillful spinners. Their webs of great variety and intricate pattern are in reality marvels of construction. Each is made to serve the combined purpose of a trap and a castle.

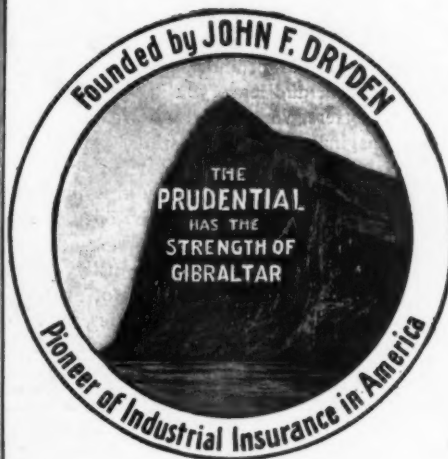
—Our Dumb Animals.

The Prudential

A National Institution of Public Usefulness

Assets, over	323 Million Dollars
Liabilities, (Including Policy Reserve \$260,000,000)	297 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	25 Million Dollars
Amount Set Aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, over	31 Million Dollars
Dividends Payable to Policyholders in 1914, over	6½ Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1913, nearly	34 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders, since organization, over	300 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force,	12 Million
Real Estate Mortgages and Farm Loans, over	92 Million Dollars
Voluntary Concessions Paid Policyholders to date, nearly	18½ Million Dollars

**New Business Paid for During 1913,
over 481 Million Dollars**



LOWEST EXPENSE RATE IN THE
HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

**Over Two Billion
406 Million
Dollars
Life Insurance
in Force**

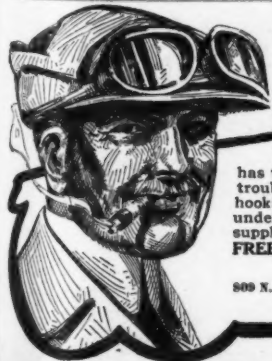
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO., OF AMERICA

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Dad Tells This:—

"Saturday we were mired-down on the lower road. If Brown hadn't happened along with an Autowline in his car, and pulled us out, we'd be there yet. I carry an Autowline myself, now."

Basline Autowline

"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull"

has taken the bugaboo out of mud, sand, hills, sulky motors—all road trouble. About 25 feet of ¼ inch Yellow Strand wire rope with special hooks and manila slings for attaching; light, flexible, easily stowed under a cushion, quickly attached without danger to paint. All supply dealers. Price, east of Rocky Mountains, \$3.95.

FREE: Illustrated circular giving all needed Autowline information.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

809 N. 2nd Street, St. Louis, Mo.

New York Office, 780, Warren Street

Manufacturers of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope



Future Highbrow

He was a very solemn little boy, and his chin barely reached to the counter of the circulating-room in the public library. He stood there for some moments in silence, and seemed to be taking it all in.

"Well, my little man," said one of the assistants finally, "what book shall it be to-day?"

"Oh, something about life," returned the little fellow, philosophically.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Eugenics and Economics

The Eugenists dream of a race of Supermen and Superwomen. Let us dream of them, too. Imagine such a race suddenly created in the United States. Thirty millions of Superpeople—each one having the strength of Jack Johnson, the mental efficiency of Edison, the moral greatness of Lincoln. Meanwhile the economic scheme remains unchanged—a small class of Superpeople owns all the land and machinery, while the other Superpeople compete with each other for jobs.

What about the Superpeople who don't get jobs?

Supermen in the breadline, Supermen piling into the Bowery Mission to get out of the wind and the rain, Superwomen on the streets selling their bodies for bread, Supermen on the street-corners in the Supercold of a winter evening waiting for some Supermillionaire to give them the price of a night's lodging. . . .

It is a pretty scene, and provokes reflection.

P. H. D., in the Masses.

IN these days when most men wear fine hosiery—silk or very thin lisle—the

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you button and clasp shown below, is very important. It holds the sock between rubber and rubber; can't possibly tear; holds with absolute security.

50c.

25c.

Be Sure You Get
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you
A. STEIN & CO.
Makers
CHICAGO NEW YORK



Milo

The EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE of QUALITY

If you prefer Plain Ends ask
for the Milo Red Box



Cork Tips in the Milo
Yellow Label Box

The Polar Expedition

THE idea of a polar expedition is to produce the greatest amount of heroism with the fewest results. Most polar expeditions are, therefore, successful.

The ingredients of a polar expedition are a ship, a crew, a pack of dogs with sledges, pemmican, some sleeping bags and a traitor who will step out at the critical moment and leave you in the lurch. Leaving behind you your friends, family and the reporters, you plunge onward through many miles of snow and ice until you reach an imaginary spot, over which you place a tent, and which you photograph and bring home to lecture about. When you don't reach home—which frequently happens—your country places your statue in its hall of fame, which is visited by several people on the days when it happens to be open to the public—and your family struggles on without you the best it can.

Polar expeditions are justly celebrated for many things; among others may be mentioned the following: Not averting wars, not reducing child labor, not increasing the number of desirable families, not reducing the cost of living, and not making anybody happier. Otherwise they are splendid.

SPECIAL

Many persons were unable to secure from newsdealers copies of the issue of LIFE for March 5th (The Proper Number). The great demand for the number exhausted their supplies.

It will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of the price—ten cents—by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York City

Indiv

Style-

Smart Shoe
with your go
"Obey That
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and attractiv

Personal

Satisfac

E. H.

Ladies' C

9-11 West 29th

RUSS I



The Breakfast Food Family

John Spratt will eat no fat,
Nor will he touch the lean;
He scorns to eat of any meat,
He lives upon Foodine.

But Mrs. Spratt will none of that,
Foodine she can not eat;
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt that food is flat
On which his mater dotes.
His favorite feed—his special need—
Is Eata Heapa Oats.

But sister Lil can't see how Will
Can touch such tasteless food.
As breakfast fare it can't compare,
She says, with Shredded Wood.

Now, none of these Leander please,
He feeds upon Bath Mitts.
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats;
Proggine appeals to May;
The junior John subsists upon
Uneda Bayla Hay.

Corrected Wheat for little Pete;
Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub"
The infant Spratt is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.
—Bert Leston Taylor, in *Chicago Tribune*.

Costly Speed

Orville Wright, at a dinner in his honor in New York, talked about the fast French monoplanes which now make one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

"They're very fast," said Mr. Wright, shaking his head, "but there're—"
"Fast indeed!" interrupted a young millionaire. "Mr. Wright, is there anything on earth those machines can't overtake?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wright, with a frown. "There's one thing they can't overtake, and that's their own running expenses."
—*London Opinion*.

Individuality In Footwear

Style—Quality—Comfort

Smart Shoes made to order, to harmonize with your gown—last—your wrap.
"Obey That Impulse!" and write today for catalogue "L" showing over 50 exclusive and attractive models.

Personal attention given all orders.
Satisfaction and fit guaranteed.

E. HAYES

Ladies' Custom Shoes

9-11 West 29th St., New York



\$12.00

No. 50

"Waller-ley"

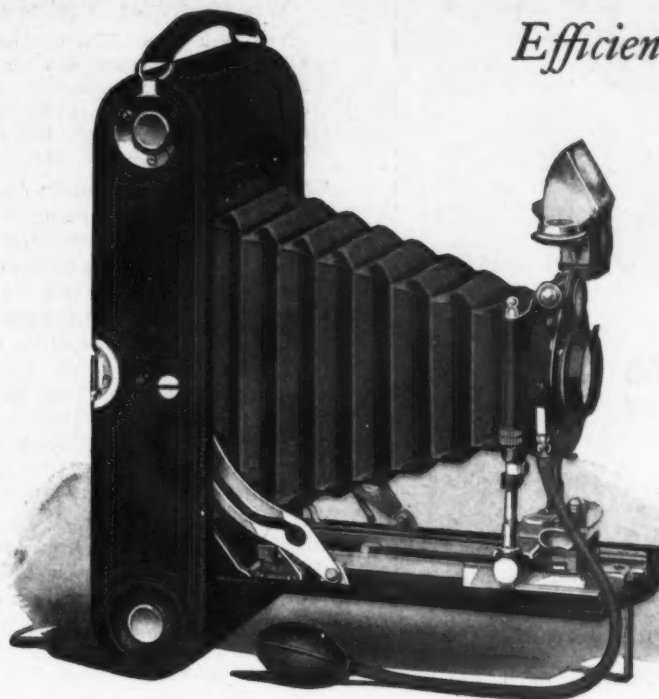
Pat. June 25, 1907

RUSSIAN WOLFHOOUNDS



We are the oldest breeders and exhibitors of these dogs in the West and maintain one of the largest and most select kennels of the breed in the world.
These aristocratic dogs are as kind as they are large and as intelligent as they are beautiful. Delightful companions and the most efficient Wolf Coursing breed known. Illustrated Catalogue "F" for the asking.
MIRASOL KENNELS
(Reg. A. K. C.)
Pasadena California

Efficiency Plus



The Special Kodaks

Combining: Anastigmat lens speed, Compound Shutter precision, perfection in the minutest detail of construction and finish, every feature that is desired by the most expert hand camera worker—all this in pocket cameras that retain the *Kodak Simplicity*.

No. 1A, pictures	2½ x 4¼ inches,	- - -	\$46.00
No. 3, "	3¼ x 4¼ inches,	- - -	48.00
No. 3A, "	3¼ x 5½ inches,	- - -	60.00

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

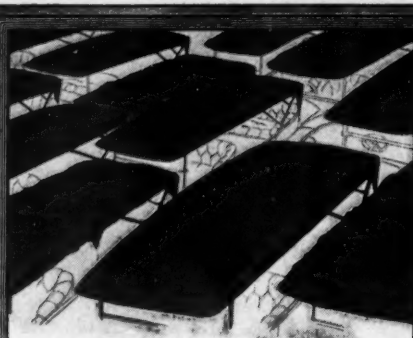
Catalogue free at your dealers
or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*.

The Passing of Love

IS love passing? It would seem so. The comfortable old sofa in the dim back-parlor sits night after night in lonely vigil. Heads no longer rest trustingly on manly shoulders; hands no longer lie pulsating in other hands; and those shy glances that took place in the fraction of an instant of time are no longer passed.

Smart talk prevails. Young ladies of eight years of age raise their brows superciliously to young gentlemen of seven. And young ladies of ten, having dissected the psychological emotions of the sexual instincts, are no longer interested in weaving romances of brave knights on piebald steeds who rescue demure maidens from tall towers. Love started out well; he was young, ambitious, full of hope and promise; he had never heard of Elinor Glyn or Herman Suderman; he sat upon the banks of streams and dangled his little feet in the clear and bubbling water; he raced among the flowers and caught butterflies with joy in his soul. *Requiescat in pace.*



Where Cars Are Parked

you can always pick out the Top made of genuine Pantasote

This label on your Top means genuine



WARNING

Pantasote—the Top covering that stays like new in actual service. This label is a sure protection. Many surface-coated materials are misleading, for they look like **Pantasote** when new.

THERE is lasting freshness to **Pantasote** which keeps your car new-looking, even though it has been in use for several years.

The surface coating of **Pantasote** (different from every other surface coating under the sun) does not allow dust particles to work in—you can easily keep it clean with a duster or soap and water.

Where you see many automobiles together you can easily pick out the ones with genuine **Pantasote** Tops—they are the clean-looking ones.

Pantasote is already regular equipment on many makes of cars. When not included in the car you buy, you can get it if you insist on genuine **Pantasote**—refuse substitutes.

Write for the facts—they are all contained in "What's What in Top Materials." This booklet rips open, dissects and discusses all kinds of Top materials, **Pantasote** included. Write now and it will be sent without cost.

The Pantasote Company
164 Bowling Green Bldg., New York

The Wearying Chase

Tommy could not understand why his teacher thought that the following paragraph from his composition on "A Hunting Adventure" lacked animation and effectiveness:

Pursued by the relentless hunter, the panting gazelle sprang from cliff to cliff. At last she could go no farther. Before her yawned the chasm, and behind her the hunter.—*Youth's Companion*.

Woodrow Has Meekness

The spirit of humility, combined with an almost inflexible will power and superior mental faculties, accounts partly for the President's success in driving Congress into doing what he wants.—*The Sun*.

WOODROW has the quality known as meekness. His possession of it constitutes perhaps the greatest advantage of equipment that he has over Theodore. Theodore not only did not have it, but never seemed to have any conception of it. It is one of the very great qualities that makes possible achievements which could not be accomplished without it. There is no mistake in the beatitude which says that the meek shall inherit the earth. Moses, that great leader (of whom as yet no statue stands on Manhattan Island, but should at once), was called the meekest man. It was in keeping with the rest of him. The meek men do not stand in their own light, do not trip over their own personality. Lincoln had meekness illuminated by humor. Our Father George had it, qualified by a liability to sudden use of strong language. It is one of the great intelligent qualities that enable men to be used for the accomplishment of great ends.

VICTIM: Mercy! That isn't the right tooth you've pulled.

DENTIST: Be patient, madam; I'm coming to it.—*Boston Transcript*.

SPRING FASHIONS

number of

VOGUE

Here is one of the 150 models shown in the current *Vogue*. Not alone are these advanced and even extreme models shown in *Vogue*, but also scores of more conservative designs, many of them in pattern form.



NOW ON SALE

Vogue, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York
CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

25 cents a number
Twice a month

\$4 a year
24 numbers



will better your health. It will also help your complexion, even in inclement weather, if you apply before and after exposure a little



This pure, non-greasy emollient, protects and restores the skin—preventing roughness and windburn. The reward of using—every day—this refreshing, cleansing, antiseptic cream is an always clear, velvety, youthfully fresh complexion.

We guarantee Hinds Cream not to cause a growth of hair. It is safest and most beneficial for baby's skin irritations. Men say that it makes shaving easier and prevents skin tenderness.

Selling everywhere or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Samples will be sent if you enclose 2c stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS

208 West Street, Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream Soap; highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.

Why Not?

CONGRESSMAN BUGABOUGH introduced into the House yesterday a bill which provides that every office boy, clerk, assistant and salaried employee of any firm or company doing business in the United States of America shall hereafter have all his private postage paid for by the men who employ him.

When asked for the reason for this extraordinary measure, he said, with a quiet smile:

"Well, why not? Isn't that what the United States Government does, and are we not supposed to look up to the government as a model of all the virtues?"



Bunny: THINK IT OVER, OLD MAN;
CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

Mrs. Young Knows

IN the Sunday *World* of March 1st, School Superintendent Ella Flagg Young, of Chicago, said in a short space about all that is necessary to say about Motherhood for Teachers. There are about a thousand married teachers in the Chicago public schools. When one of them has a baby, the practice is that she shall take two years off. But the say about that seems to be left to the superintendent, who can shorten the time in case of need.

That is how it should be. Some person of judgment and sympathy should settle questions about the service of the married teachers. It cannot properly be done by statute or any rigid rule.

"MABEL, I'm drawn on the grand jury."
"So am I, Gertrude."
"Our responsibilities will be heavy."
"I realize that. What shall we wear?"
—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Holland

Do you wish to know which are the most interesting, the most picturesque and the quaintest places in Holland?

There are places you absolutely must see in order to appreciate fully the serene beauty, the peaceful atmosphere, the magnificent architecture, the charming costumes and the quaint customs of this

"Land Below the Sea"

Apply for interesting, literature, specimen tours, rail and boat excursions, cost of tickets and all further particulars to the American Agency, Nederland State Railways and Flushing Line, 334 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 128, Washington, D. C.

Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"

For thinness, for beauty, for durability, the Hamilton Watch will compare to advantage with any watch in your jeweler's trays. The Hamilton 12-size is the thinnest 12-size 19, 21 or 23 jewel watch made in America.

For accuracy, the Hamilton has a record that is enviable indeed, for while accuracy is something you admire and desire, it is something the railroad man *must* have. Accuracy is the one consideration that governs the choice of the "Limited's" engineer who must locate a signal every 30 seconds. Think what a wonderful tribute to the accuracy of this watch is the fact that

Over one-half (56%) of the Railroad Men on American Railroads where Official Time Inspection is maintained carry the Hamilton Watch

Begin to talk accuracy to your jeweler and he will begin to talk Hamilton Watch to you.

Write for the Hamilton Book—"The Timekeeper"

It pictures and describes the various models of the Hamilton Watch for men and women—showing the complete watches selling at \$38.50 to \$150.00 and other Hamilton models of which movements only are sold. Your jeweler can fit one of these Hamilton movements in your present watch case for \$12.25 and upward.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. K, Lancaster, Pennsylvania



Look at your Watch. Is it as thin in your hand as this Hamilton?

Conductor J. W. Hare and Engineer W. Ballard, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul "crack" train, "The Pioneer Limited." Both men have carried Hamilton Watches for years with perfect satisfaction.

The Thoughts of a Thinker

RESTRAINT is one of the great qualities of the artist. When you study a masterpiece, you realize that it must have been only an incident in the artist's work. He could always have done more than that.

* * *

The best immaterial thing which an over-abundance of natural resources has been able to produce is the steam-heated mind. The steam-heated mind catches cold from fresh air, is over-coddled, and when out of doors reclines in a limousine atmosphere.

* * *

I have a friend who occasionally emits intelligence. But when he talks he never comes to a pause; he ricochets off from the last word of a sentence and starts another before I have time to collect my senses. There are no periods in his mind; he is, therefore, about as companionable as a pestilence.



Just the Cream and Sugar Set you have wanted
So beautiful you will be proud to use it on special occasions; so durable you can use it every day; so inexpensive you can get today and buy one.

You can see here the exquisite charm of design of two of the many lovely sets in

Heisey's Glassware

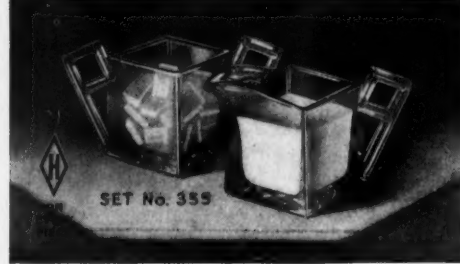
You cannot realize until you actually see them the full measure of their sparkling beauty and brilliance. If your dealer cannot supply the sets illustrated here, we will deliver them direct to you, prepaid, by Parcel Post. Price \$1 for either set of two pieces.

See that this trade-mark is on all the glassware you buy. It means high quality without high price. Send for illustrated booklet, "Table Glass and How to Use It," showing everything for the table.

A. H. Heisey & Co.

Dept. 62

NEWARK, OHIO



Livery

LIVERY is worn by a few servants. Why not by all? The object of livery is to advertise one's servitude. But at present it is incomplete. It is only a fractional display. It is principally confined to bellboys, butlers and bishops.

Every corporation lawyer ought to wear livery; not all editors, but a fair proportion; a considerable number of husbands apprenticed to women for a lifetime, and some Senators.

Also, why not many philosophers, poets and artists? Serving a literary god, even if he is false, should have its appropriate regalia.

Society Column, Any Paper

(In Just a Little While.)

MR. and Mrs. W. E. L. Works are giving a dinner Tuesday, to be followed by private theatricals, when the playlet "Girls, and How They Know It" will be given. It is understood that H. B., a prominent white slave, will take the leading part.

Mr. Posean B. Drapeless, the fashionable young aesthete will give an illustrated talk on "Sex—What Is It?" next Wednesday morning in the pink room of the Wallorf-Bilsmore. Mrs. Dian Wakeup will assist.

Mrs. Beatam Tooitt's musicals next month, which are to be held on Thursday afternoons, as formerly, will have the assistance of Miss Helen Hunters, soprano, who will give short talks on "Lures of the Slaver". Miss Hunters will be pleasantly remembered for her renditions of "Sex Themes with Variations" earlier in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. X. will demonstrate "The Dangers of Ignorance" at a series of Friday evenings in the Riesling-Weber. Dancing.

Lecture by C. B. Black on "Home Talks to Homeless Girls", under the auspices of the Needle Club. Date to be given later.

Mrs. G. Ardems's luncheon to the Young Ladies' White Slave Club was an interesting event last week. The favors were copies of Brioux's "Damaged Goods", but the surprise of the occasion was an exquisite rendering

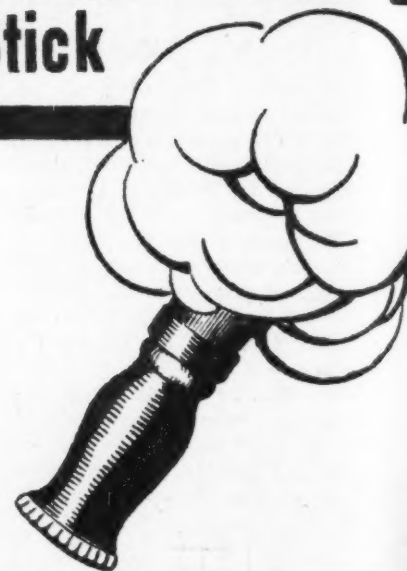
This lather really soothes your face

WHEN you use Resinol Shaving

Stick there are no tense, smarting after-effects, no annoying shaving-rashes to fear. That is because its creamy lather is full of the same soothing, healing, antiseptic balsams that make Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap so effective in the treatment of skin and affections.

Twenty-five cents at all first-class drug-stores, or mailed on receipt of price. For trial size stick free, write to Dept. 36-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Try Resinol Soap for your shampoo.

Resinol Shaving Stick



of the song "Sex Semper Tyrannus" by a choir of young girls.

Mrs. Uplift Jones gave a unique party Monday night, when charades were performed by the younger set, the subjects being taken from episodes in the lives of famous fallen women. Some of the sets were particularly clever, an interior of an opium den and one of a street scene, night, being very close to reality. The acting, though by amateurs, bespoke a careful study of the matter presented.

At Mrs. Wake-Lively Past's Thé Dansant a divertissement was given by the Reformed White Slave Company. There were specialties by various members of the cast, and the affair was pronounced a big success by the police, who attended in large numbers.

The BILTMORE
NEW YORK
America's Latest and Most Refined and New York's Centermost Hotel
Only hotel occupying an entire city block, Vanderbilt and Madison Ave., 43d and 44th Sts., adjoining Grand Central Terminal
1000 rooms; 950 with bath — Room rates from \$2.50 per day. Suites from 2 to 15 rooms for permanent occupancy. Large and small ball, banquet and dining salons and suites specially arranged for public or private functions.
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Books Received

Light of the Soul, by L. W. Raison, M. D. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.00.)

The Dead Quickened, by Mary Berry Doyle. (Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.00.)

Brevity, by Davis. (Broadway Publishing Co. 50 cents.)

Melzar, a Tale of the Jericho Road, by O. Van Beverhoudt. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

The Resurrection of a Heart, by Polhemus Westphal. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.00.)

Leaves from English Literature, by Mrs. Kate Lee Nichols. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

The Jew, and Other Poems, by Frank Newell-Atkin. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.00.)

The Shadow of a Curse, by Sara Rebecca Emrick. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

Voices in the Hills, by Fred Thaumazo. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.00.)

Webs of War, by Annie E. Wilson. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.00.)

Pleasure and Pain, by Rollin J. Wells. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.00.)

Her Sacrifice, by Zelda Davies. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

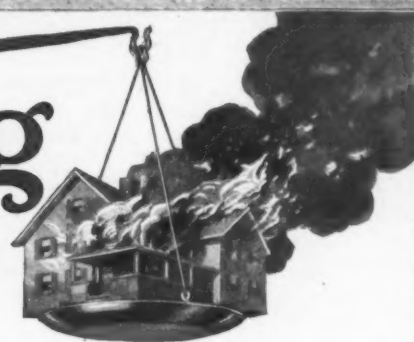
When Virginia Was Rent in Twain, by Warren Wood. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.50.)

The Gospel for the Laymen's Age, by Rev. Wm. Marion Sikes, B. D. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

Four Months at Glencairn, by Katharine T. Obeare. (Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.25.)

Seventy Times Seven, by Jennie Comrie Brown. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

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A few pounds of Prevention outweigh tons of Neglect

YOU hear the fire alarm, with thousands of other people, and a little thrill of terror shakes you lest it be **your home**.

But you are fortunate—it chances this time to be your neighbor's instead of your own.

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Nothing in the world could compensate you for its loss.

Nothing could **ever** compensate you for the loss or injury of a single member of your household through fire.

Yet the risk is constant.

And the cost of protection, as it has been recognized by the best authorities and most careful investigators in the country, is the cost of a few Pyrene fire extinguishers.

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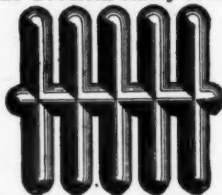
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30x3 1/2	15.75	17.00	3.50	35x4 1/2	34.00	36.05	6.30
32x3 1/2	16.75	18.10	3.70	36x4 1/2	35.00	37.10	6.45
33x4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37x5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34x4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38x5 1/2	54.00	57.30	8.35

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All Druggists Sell Listerine
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"SHE is certainly a pretty girl."

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"Positively homely."

"If it weren't for her nose, she'd be rather good looking."

"Pity she is so affected; spoils her good looks."

"Handsome? Rather—but too simple."

"Pretty face, but such a figure!"

"Rather good figure, but her face!"

"She may not be so bad looking, but I saw her early one morning."

"She's lovely!"

"I'm glad you think so."



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THE SANITARY ERASER receives, at its open end, a strip of rubber 1/8 inch thick, of a width and length that of the holder.

By slight pressure at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Two rubbers of best quality are made; one for typewriter and ink, one for pencil.

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